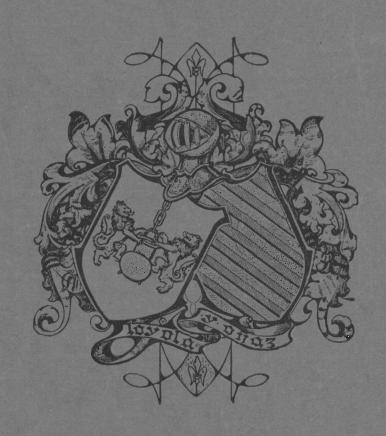
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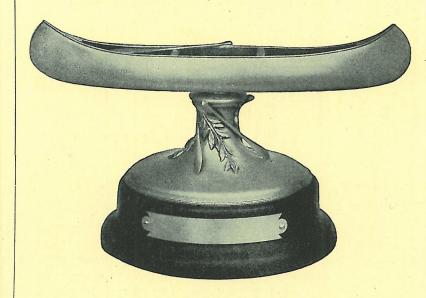
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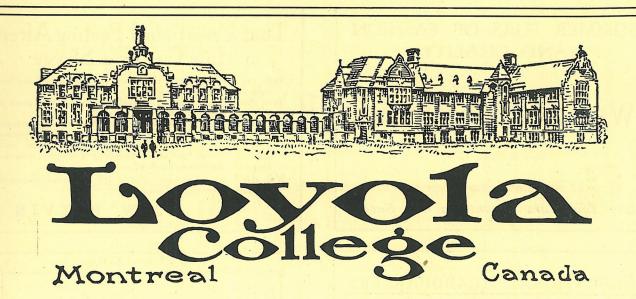
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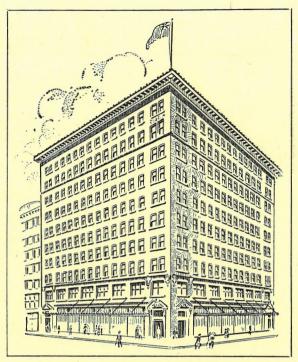
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The upland ploughman sing a thoughtless stave;
And the hum of cities' life o'er our dead brave
Beat ceaseless as the surf on broken sands.

What matters when, through all the golden years, In hidden tombs within the hearts of friends Are sealed the sifted remnants of their deeds. Above their mangled limbs the cross appears, The symbol of sweet sacrifice that mends The human heart in every wound it bleeds.

J. WOLFE.





Toyola College Review

1919

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 5

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Editorial

The first event that we feel called to record, in a year of stirring events, is the removal of the Rev. Fr. Filion from our midst to assume the work of Provincial of the Order. We can congratulate Very Rev. Fr. Filion on this great honour, though we found his stay with us far too short. This was but his second sojourn at Loyola and like his first scarcely

reached a year, but it was difficult to crowd into two years such an amount of work as fell to his lot nor such a display of energy as must needs be his, so exacting was he in its fulfilment. Those whose fortune it was to work with him or to fall under his control will remember both his unflagging zeal and his considerateness of others. Though it be

to our loss, still he will be able to exercise these same qualities in larger fields and the blessings that God showered on his work as long as he was with us, we hope He will continue to shower on bigger undertakings.

Rev. Father Hingston was recalled from the battlefield, to take the place of Rev. Father Filion as Rector and to take part in a campaign of another kind less dangerous but possibly not less arduous. To him was entrusted the task of rescuing the College from a position of serious financial embarrassment. The recent "Drive" proves the success of that undertaking. But what augers well for the College is the fact that Father Hingston, both as professor and prefect has had experience of almost every phase of College life. He knows Loyola as few others know it and claims personal acquaintance with most of those who passed through here. Hence all old boys who visit Loyola will be sure of meeting at least one old friend. The recent drive has proved one thing that there is a big future for Loyola. We think that the future is in safe keeping.

We desire to offer our heartiest congratulations to Rev. Father Walter S. Gaynor on his elevation to the holy priesthood. He is but one more added to the forty that Loyola has given to the Catholic priesthood. Father Gaynor worked long and zealously at the old Loyola and has a host of friends in the city. Always very energetic he devoted himself heart and soul to the formation of the youngest boys in the school. It is not idle to say that in the crowning years of the classical course we misplace sometimes the merit of the success, but the boys whose good fortune it was to get under way with Father Gaynor, have never forgotten to attribute a part, at least, of their merit to their early formation.

On leaving Loyola, Mr. Gaynor, as he then was, went direct to the English College, Valladolid, Spain, to study theology. He returned to England to be ordained priest on Christmas Eve, at Plymouth. He is now doing parish work in that diocese. It is giving away no secrets to say that Father Gaynor has a very warm corner in his heart for Canada and that he looks upon Loyola

as his second home. This feeling of affectionate remembrance is fully reciprocated. Few masters have made warmer and truer friends than Father Gaynor.

In colleges conducted by members of the Society of Jesus, there must necessarily occur many changes, from year to year, in the administrative and teaching staff. This year has been no exception. Scarcely had the scholastic term ended when Father J. Milway Filion, last year's professor of philosophy and rector was named Provincial of the Society of Jesus in Canada and Father Hingston, lately returned from service overseas, was appointed to the position thus vacated. Father John F. Cox, professor of Humanities and Rhetoric has been transferred to the mission field, and Mr. Demetrius Zema, S.J., last year's teacher of First Grammar, is now professor of History at Holy Cross College, Worcester. Messrs. F. J. McDonald, S.J. and P. J. McLellan, S.J., have begun their theology at the Immaculate Conception College, Montreal and Messrs. Breslin and Kennedy, S.J. are pursuing their philosophical studies at the same institution. Mr. F. S. Smith, S.J., went to the English Novitiate, at Guelph, as professor of Latin and Greek. The new men on the Loyola Staff are Father Daignault, former rector of the Immaculate Conception College, who is spiritual father, Father A. J. Primeau, who has been named bursar and parish priest; Father de la Peza, professor of philosophy. Messrs. J. Keating, S.J., W. Bryan, S.J., J. Holland, S.J., J. Howitt, S.J., from the Immaculate Conception College, Messrs. J. Fallon, S.J.; J. Marchand, S.J. and J. Dalton, S.J. from Guelph and Mr. Robitaille, S.J. from Sault au Recollet.

We desire to express on behalf of all our deep gratitude to Professors Shea for his continued interest and devotion to our orchestra and choral classes, and to Serg.-Major McClements, instructor of our C. O. T. C. and Cadet Corps for the part he has taken in the physical training of our boys.

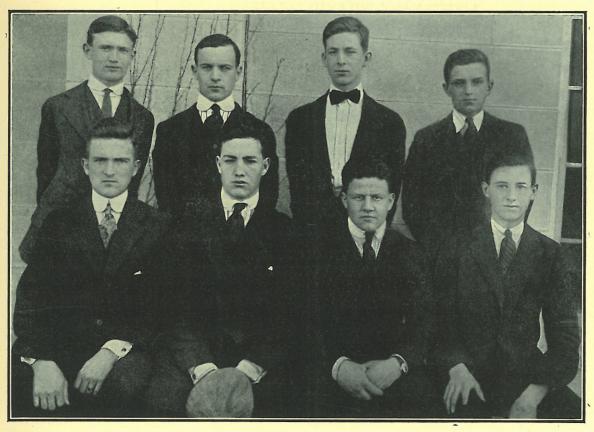
Owing to unusual circumstances the annual retreat was given this year in January, instead of at the beginning of the first term. The

exercises commenced on the morning of Wednesday, January 8th. Father Casey, S.J., of New York, gave the instructions. He inaugurated the custom of keeping silence during the Retreat. The boys gave him great cause for satisfaction in this respect. Father Casey called his retreat the "Noblesse Oblige Retreat," and he repeated this motto time and again. He tried to impress on our minds above all else the dignity of our position as Catholics and that we should do nothing that would be out of keeping with that dignity; the privilege we enjoyed in being allowed to serve God as Catholics; the duties which we should not shrink, because we were Catholics. From Father Casey's direct statements and also from the general tone of his instructions it seemed that he wanted us to bear in mind that to fight life's battle one had to be a man, courageous and resolute, and not a weakling. These were the two things that we especially took away from the retreat: "Noblesse Oblige" and "Fight through life without shrinking". The retreat

closed with mass and general Communion at 8.00 o'clock, on Saturday, January 11th. Few preachers have so impressed us as Father Casey with his knowledge of the boys' heart. He has left us kind memories of himself, but especially, kind memories of God and His Goodness.

On the day of our flag-raising came the welcome announcement by Major General Wilson C.M.G., of the formation of a Canadian Officers' Training Corps in the College. It was welcomed as a novelty, but now that the novelty is worn off, it is all the more welcome because of its utility. We are especially fortunate in the choice of our drill instructor, Regimenta! Sergeant-Major McClements, late of the 73rd Bn. C.E.F., and all kinds of bright hopes are entertained for the future.

The Editors wish to thank those who have contributed to the Review and offer a special word of praise to Wilfred Noonan and his advertising staff for their untiring and successful efforts, as well as to Tom Day and his enterprising circulation staff.



Top row—H. Smeaton, R. Kelly, H. Domville, James Hebert. Bottom row—W. Noonan, J. Wolfe, R. Anglin, B. Bray

Killed

MAJOR TEMPLE MACDONALD CAPTAIN EDWARD DWYER CAPTAIN MELVIN JOHNSON CAPTAIN FRANCIS MAGUIRE CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGOVERN, D.S.O. (Posthumous) CAPTAIN JOHN P. WALSH LIEUTENANT HENRI DE VARENNES LIEUTENANT ARTHUR DISSETTE, Croix de Guerre LIEUTENANT JAMES DE B. DOMVILLE LIEUTENANT JAMES GRANT LIEUTENANT R. B. HINGSTON LIEUTENANT RODOLPHE LEMIEUX LIEUTENANT FRASER MACDONALD LIEUTENANT FRANCIS McGEE LIEUTENANT SARGENT OWENS LIEUTENANT GUY PALARDY LIEUTENANT EDWARD PLUNKETT LIEUTENANT WILFRID SULLIVAN LIEUTENANT JOHN WILKINS LIEUTENANT MAURICE VIDAL SERGEANT-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE CORPORAL STANTON HUDSON, M.M. CORPORAL ADRIAN McKENNA PRIVATE STUART BARNSTON PRIVATE HERBERT BUTLER PRIVATE HOWARD FARLEY PRIVATE LEO LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M. PRIVATE DONALD McARTHUR PRIVATE DESMOND O'BOYLE PRIVATE LEO SHORTALL

Diec

PRIVATE GLENDYN CLORAN PRIVATE EMMETT CONROY CADET PAUL CONROY PRIVATE W. A. PEARSON

Distinguished Service Order

COLONEL GEORGE J. BOYCE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN JENKINS CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGOVERN (Posthumous)

Military Cross

MAJOR ERNEST McKENNA
MAJOR GEORGE VANIER
CAPTAIN WILLIAM MORGAN, Two Bars
CAPTAIN HARRY O'LEARY, with Bar
CAPTAIN FREDERICK O'LEARY, with Bar
CAPTAIN CHARLES POWER
CAPTAIN RODERICK WATT
LIEUTENANT JEAN LA FONTAINE

Military Medal

CORPORAL STANTON HUDSON

Distinguished Conduct Medal

PRIVATE LEO LE BOUTILLIER

Cross of the Legion of Honour

MAJOR GEORGE VANIER

Croix de Guerre

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT ARTHUR DISSETTE

O.L. ON ACTIVE SERVICE

The following list of former Loyola students who have served with the colours is unavoidably incomplete, and, no doubt, inaccurate in many details. Information concerning any Old Boys in the army will be gratefully received by the Editors of the Review.

The state of the s		
Amos, Edward	1905	Motor Boat Squadron
Anglin, Robert	1913	R.M.C.
Anglin, Frank	1911	R.C.N.A.
Armstrong T.	1906	(Wounded). Captain 17th Scottish Rifles
Audette, de Gaspe, M.C.	1911	Lieut., 21st Batt.
Authier, Emile	1909	4th Service Co.
Babin, Harold	1907	5th University Corps.
Barnston, Stuart	1903	Private (Killed)
Bauset, Jules	1906	Sergt., 16th Squadron, R.A.S. att. cl.
Bauset, Paul	1910	Lieut., 10th Reserve Batt.
Beck, Austin	1907	
Beck, Cyril	1907	All the set to make the line has a little
Beique, Victor	1898	Capt., 22nd Batt. Can. Frs.
Belleau, Joseph	1911	Capt., Interpreter, H.Q., London
Belleau, Paul	1901	
Bernard, R.	1916	Naval Wireless.
Blais, E. A.		Lieutenant (Wounded)
Blanchette, Maurice	1907	Lieutenant.
Bonnard, Daniel	1901	R.A.F.
Bordeau, Harold	1905	Mich.—Wisc. Regt., U.S. Army
Bouchette, Robert	1910	R.A.F.
Bouthiller, Charles	1906	Capt., 5th Can. Mounted Rifles.

Variable of the second	142 201 A 157 15	
Boyce, George J.	1900	LieutCol., D.S.O., No. 1 Field Ambulance, C.A.M.C.
† Boyer, Guy		Major, 22nd Batt. (Wounded).
Brais, Joseph	1907	C.A.M.C.
† Brannen, John		Capt., R.A.M.C.
Brodeur, Paul	1909	
Browne, Bashford	1909	R.C.H.A.S.
Brown, James P.	1903	Gunner, No. 7 Can. Siege Battery.
Bryan, W. I	1916	2nd Lieutenant U. S. A.
Burke, M. T. (B.A. 1908)	1896	Lieut., C.G.A.
Butler, Herbert	1911	2nd University Corps, P.P.C.L.I. (Killed in action).
† Calder, Robert		Major.
Carlin, Gordon	1907	R.A.F. (Wounded).
Carpenter, Cecil	1909	13th Siege Battery, C.F.A. (att'd).
Casey, A. J.	1896	C.A.M.C.
Casey, Leo	1907	C.A.M.C.
Casgrain, Uberto	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. (Wounded)
Castle, Raymond	1910	Lieut., 50th Battery, C.F.A.
Caven, Wallace	1906	, vous _ 5, via 121
Chevalier, Armand	1896	Capt., 22nd Batt.
Chevalier, Philippe	1896	Capt., 163rd (Wounded).
Chevalier, Pierre	1896	Lieut., 22nd (Wounded).
Clarke, James	1899	Capt., 13th Field Ambulance, C.A.M.C.
Cloran, Glendyn L	1900	Capt., 15th Field Ambulance, C.A.W.C.
Cogels, Hubert	1913	Belgian Army (Wounded).
Conroy, Emmet	1906	R.F.A. (Died in training).
Conroy, Paul	1900	
Cook, Benedict	1909	R.A.F. (Died in training).
Cook, Herbert	1909	66th Battery, C.F.A.
Cooke, Vincent	1909	C.F.A.
Coughlin, Cornelius		
Coughlin, John M. (B.A. 1916)	1909	R.A.F.
		10th Can. Siege
Coughlin, Patrick Coughlin, Robert (B.Sc. 1916)	1000	(Wounded).
	1908	10th Can. Siege (Wounded).
Coyle, Harold	1897	(Wounded).
Dandurand, Hervé	1914	American Army, Interpreter.
Davis, William	1902	Lieut.
Davis, Harold F. (B.A. 1912)	1903	
Davis, Harry	1902	Capt., Amm. Col.
Delisle, Gaston	1910	R.A.F.
Desbarats, Edward	1905	Lieut. R.A.S. (Prisoner of War).
Desbarats, Duncan	1906	
Dillon, Roy	1909	
Dissette, Arthur C.	1901	Lieut. R.N.A.S. (Killed) (Croix de Guerre.
Doheney, Clarence	1905	Lieut., Artillery.
Doheney, Hugh		manufacture of the second of t
Domville, James	1907	Lieut., R.A.F. (Killed in training)
Donnelly, Ernest	1898	Lieut., 42nd (Wounded).
Doody, Edmund	1910	648th Co. M.T., A.S.C.
Doody, Frank	1904	
Doran, John	1903	82nd.
Duckett, J. Edward (B.A. 1917)		Lieut., 288th (Wounded).

[†] English Course, St. Mary's.

Drury, John	1911	R.A.F.
Dwyer, Edward	1898	Capt., 85th N.S. Highlanders (Killed)
Erhard, Emile		Tagmanders (Terrieu)
Farley, Howard	1911	Cyclist Corps (Killed in action).
Farrell, Robert B.	1898	Lieut.
Fawcett, Rev. Charles	1896	Capt., Chaplain.
Finch, Gerald	1905	Lieut., 13th (Wounded).
Fletcher, Adrian	1901	Lieut., 207th.
† Furlong, Gerald		Capt., 24th.
Galligan, John	1906	Capt., C.A.M.C.
Galvin, Roy	1916	
Grant, James	1908	Lieut., 102nd (Killed)
Griffith, Gerald (B.A. 1910)	1903	Capt., R.A.M.C.S.
Grimes, Ernest	1909	Gunner, 4th Canadian Divisional.
Grimes, John	1909	Gunner, 4th Canadian Divisional.
Guerin, Thomas		, and a state of the state of t
Hanna, Roy	1910	148th Medical.
Hartney, S.	1906	R.A.F.
Harwood, Roderick	1909	Lieut., 50th Batt.
Hately, Edgar	1904	R.A.F.
Hayes, Murray	1912	74th Battery.
Hennessy, Richard	1904	3rd Overseas Siege Battery.
Hingston, Basil	1896	Lieut., 24th Batt. (Killed in action).
† Hingston, Donald	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C
Hingston, Harold	1898	Lieut., 60th (Wounded)
Holland, John	1908	R.A.F.
Hofner, L.	1912	R.A.F.
Hudon, Frederick	1908	R.A.F.
Hudson, Stanton, M.M.	1907	87th (Killed).
Hughes, Stanley	1909	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Jenkins, John, D.S.O.	1904	LieutCol., C.A.M.C.
Johnson, John	1896	
Johnson, Melville	1903	Capt., 5th Mounted Rifles (Killed)
Kavanagh, Andrew	1903	Lieut., U. S. Engineers
Kavanagh, Walter	1905	Lieut., M.C. (Wounded).
Kearney, John D.	1909	Lieut., 25th Battery, C.F.A.
Kelly, Burrows	1909	R.A.F.
Kelly, Harry	1909	38th (Wounded)
Kennedy, Ambrose	1915	29th Battery, C.F.A.
Kiely, A.	1905	R.A.F.
Killoran, J. P. Rev.		Capt. Chaplain
Lachapelle, Pascal	1915	R.A.F.
Lafontaine, Jean	1911	Lieut., 163rd. M.C.
Lahey, Charles	1913	54th Battery, C.F.A. (Wounded)
Latchford, Austin	1908	Capt., Artillery (Wounded).
Latcheford, James	1908	Lieut.
Laurier, R.	1904	
Law, Adrian	1897	Capt., Imperial Army.
Law, Augustus	1897	C.M.R. (Missing).
Law, John		
Le Boutillier, Leo, D.C.M.	1907	24th (Killed in action).

[†] English Course, St. Mary's.

	1909	10th Can. Siege Artillery.
Lelievre, Roger	1907	22nd (Wounded).
Lemieux, Rodolphe	1896	Lieut., 258th (Killed in action).
Lessard, A.		1st Div. Supply Col., C.A.S.C.
Lunney, John	1897	(Wounded).
Lunney, J. F.	1897	
Lunney, W. P.	1908	
Lynch, Leo (B. Sc., 1908)	1901	No. 5. Co., Div. Supply Col., C.A.S.C.
Lynch, Thomas	1902	
Macarow, Philip	1908	Intelligence Dept., Naval Service.
MacArthur, Donald	1903	(Killed).
MacAsham, John	1908	U.S. Navy.
MacDonald, Alain de L.	1897	Lieut. 163rd (Wounded).
Macdonald Fraser	1906	Lieut. 77th (Killed).
Macdonald, Hubert	1909	6th Can. Reserve Batt.
MacDonald, Temple		Major.
Masson, Adrian	1915	R.A.F.
Magann, Allan	1905	
Magann, George (Mentioned in desp.)	1905	Capt., Gen. Staff.
Maguire, Francis (B.A. 1907)	1899	Capt., 2nd Batt. (Killed).
Maher, Henry	1912	4th Amm. Col.
Mahon, Arthur J.	1912	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.
Malone, Foster	1902	C.A.M.C.
Marks, William	1910	R.A.F.
Martin, Alfred	1911	79th Battery.
Martin, Richard	1904	Lieut. U.S. A.
McAnulty, Clifford	1913	R.A.F.
McCaffrey, Maurice	1903	R.A.F.
McCallum, Harold	1913	
McCarthy, Allan	1910	22nd Engineers, U.S. A.
McCarthy, Edward	1905	74th Battery, Ottawa.
McCarthy, Thomas	1905	R.A.F.
McCool, Justin	1898	C.A.S.C.
McCool, Joseph	1898	4th Can. Ry. Troops.
McCullough, George	1903	R.A.F., Capt.
McCullough, John A.		Capt. Trench Mortar Brigade.
McDonald, Dawson	1903	R.A.F.
McDonald, Somerled	1906	R.A.F.
McElderry, John	1908	Lieut., 57th.
McEachen, Ronald (B.Sc. 1914)	1907	
McGarry, James		R.M.C.
† McGee, Francis		Lieut. (Killed in action).
McGillis, Francis (B.A. 1917)		R.A.F.
McGovern, Arthur (B.A. 1909)	1903	Capt., 28th (Killed in action) D.S.O. (Posthumous).
McGovern, Thomas	1903	
McKenna, Adrian	1905	
McKenna, Ernest	1898	Lieut., 60th (Wounded), M.C.
McKenna, Philip	1906	R.A.F.
McKeown, Leo	1912	R.A.F.
McKenzie, Francis	1906	
McKenzie, Vincent	1906	

[†] English Course, St. Mary's

McLaughlin, Henry	1908	66th Siege Artillery.
McLaughlin, John	1908	79th Battery, C.F.A., (Wounded).
McMartin, John	1907	R.A.F.
Meegan, James	1916	U.S.A.
Merrill, Geoffrey	1904	Sgt., Artillery (Gassed).
Merrill, Walter	1900	Lieut., R.A.F.
Millard, Ellis	1906	R.C.H.A.
Millard, Francis	1902	Lieut., No. 8 Can. Gen. Hosp., B.E.F., (Mentioned in desp.)
Milloy, John	1896	Lieut., 4th Batt., C.G.R.
Milloy, Martin S.	1896	79th Battery.
Mitchell, Alfred	1912	Capt., 198th.
Monsarrat, Louis	1905	R.C.H.A.
Moore, Arthur	1912	5th Siege Artillery (Wounded).
Moore, Francis	1912	5th Siege Artillery.
Morgan, William, M.C.	1910	Capt., 22nd Batt. (Wounded).
Mulligan, Louis	1899	R.A.F.
Murphy, E. Grimes	1910	Lieut., C.F.A.
Murphy, Neil	1904	Lieut., R.A.F.
Murphy, Pierce	1907	74th Battery, Ottawa.
Murray, Stuart	1900	Sgt., Despatch Carrier.
Murray, W. A.	1900	1st Batt.
Musey, Marcel	1909	12 Canadian Field Ambulance, B.E.F. Pte.
Nagle, Gregory	1903	SgtMajor, 3rd Batt. (Killed).
Noonan, George	1910	Comp. B. 104 M.P., C.E.F., France.
Noonan, Gerard M.	1910	Lieut., U.S.A. Aviator.
Noonan, Thomas F.	1910	Lieut., U.S.A. Aviator.
Noonan, Wilfred	1909	R.A.F.
O'Brien, W. P.		Major.
O'Boyle, Desmond	1906	(Killed in action).
O'Connel, Desmond	1913	
O'Connell, Maurice	1913	
O'Connor, C.		R.A.F.
O'Connor, James	1898	Lieut., 14th R.M.R.
O'Gallagher, Dermott	1906	Lieut., 33rd.
Ogier d'Ivry, Gaetan	1906	2nd Lieut., 168 Brig., R.F.A.
O'Gorman, Gerald	1903	Lieut., 24th Batt.
O'Leary, Charles		Lieut., 10th Can. Railway Troops (Wounded).
O'Leary, Frederick, M.C.	1897	Capt., 11th Tr. Mortar Batt.
O'Leary, Harry, M.C.	1909	Capt., 48th Highlanders.
Owens, Sargent T. (B.A. 1908)	1896	Lieut., 207th.
Palardy, Guy	1916	Lieut., R.A.F. (Killed).
Panet, Henri de L.	1905	Lieut., 100th Field Co'y., Royal Engineers.
Pearson, W. A.	1906	Accidentally Killed.
Perodeau, Horace	1907	Lieut., R.A.F.
Phelan, Arthur	1908	9th Brigade, Amm. Co.
Phelan, Charles	1912	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.
Phillips, John	1912	R.A.F.
Plunkett, Edward 1910		Lieut., 50th Batt., C.F.A. (Killed).
Poirier, Charles E. (B.A. 1916)	1914	Wag. Sup. Co., 12 F.A.—A.E.F.
Poupore, Loyola	1908	R.A.F.
Power, Charles G. (B.A. 1907)	1897	Capt. 3rd Batt. (Wounded).
Power, Joseph	1897	Lieut., 2nd Batt.
Pridham, Alexander	1908	

Ouinn Kovin	1000	DAE
Quinn, Kevin Quinlan, James	1908 1912	R.A.F.
Rainboth, Ernest	1912	77th.
Rainville, Gustavus	1903	Lieut., C.A.S.C.
Redmond, Rene	1898	Capt., 60th (Wounded).
Reilly, Edmund	1905	1st Quebec Regimental Depot.
† Rogers, James	1903	Capt., C.A.M.C.
Rolland, Francis	1911	Sub. Lieut., Imp. Army.
Rolland, Stuart	1899	24th Batt., C.E.F. (Wounded).
Roy, Rouer	1910	Royal Naval College.
Ryan, Joseph J.	1907	R.A.F.
Ryan, Raymond	1898	Capt., 13th Battery (Wounded). ff
Ryan, Roderick	1906	Capt., Can. Engineers
Sauvé, Arthur	1910	(Wounded).
Scott, Walter	1908	42nd.
Shortall, Leo	1913	1st Newfoundland (Killed).
Spelman, James	1911	American Navy.
Steben, Murray	1897	5th Pioneers.
Sullivan, Arthur	1896	Major, 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Can. (Killed).
† Sullivan, Wilfrid		Lieut., 43rd Cameron Highlanders of Can. (Killed).
Sutcliffe, Stanley	1900	R.A.F.
Tellier, Antoine	1913	68th Siege Battery.
Terroux, Arthur	1909	Sgt., 68th.
Thompson, Leslie C.	1897	Major, 257th.
Thornton, Peter	1906	(Wounded).
Timmins, M. J.	1908	R.A.F.
Toddings, S. S.	1907	Lieut., 75th Bn. Toronto.
Toddings, S.	1906	U.S.A. Field Artillery.
Trihey, H. J.		LieutCol.
Trudel, Lionel	1908	R.A.F.
Turenne (de) Aimar Auzias	1901	C.F.A. (Wounded).
Varennes (de) Henri	1905	Lieut., 22nd (Killed).
Vidal, Maurice	1908	Lieut., C.F.A. (Killed).
Vanier, George P. (B.A., 1906)	1897	Capt., 22nd (Wounded)
M.C., Legion of Honor	1011	
Walsh, Arthur	1911	R.A.F.
Walsh, Terence G.	1910	R.A.F.
Walsh, J. P. (B.A., 1904)	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. (Killed).
Walsh, Victor	1904	Adj., R.A.F. (Wounded).
Watt, Roderick, M.C.	1907	Capt., Div. Amm. Col.
Wells, W. H.	1909	
Wickham, John C. (B.A., 1909)	1901	Major, C.A.M.C.
Wilkins, John	1906	Lieut., 23rd (Killed).
Wilkins, Lionel	1904	Lieut.
Wilson, Laurence	1905	105th Brigade, R.F.A.
		Toom Digauc, N.P.A.
Winslow, Frank	1899	Class Signer College Value (1994)
Wolfe, John P.	1914	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.
Wolff, Conrad (B.L., 1911)	1901	Lieut., C.A.M.C.
Zouche (de) Frederick C.	1907	C.A.S.C. (Wounded).
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[†] English Course, St. Mary's



MAJOR TEMPLE MACDONALD

Major Temple MacDonald comes of a family well known in Prince Edward Island. He followed the English Course at St. Mary's and afterwards became a very successful merchant in Georgetown, P.E.I.

He left Canada in 1915 as Lieutenant in the 2nd Canadian Siege Battery, was promoted to Captain and later to Major when he was transferred to the 5th Siege Battery.

He fell mortally wounded at Souchez Cross Roads, March 29th, 1918, and died the 2nd of April of the same year.

Loyola extends sincere sympathy to his bereaved ones at home.

LETTER FROM J. A. FLETCHER

Obercassel am Rhein, M. Bonn, Dec. 15th, 1919.

We are now, however, at our objective and are enjoying a well earned rest although there are considerable guards, etc., as we are part of the Rhine bridgehead guard. We left Mons on Nov. 18th and after crossing the industrial provinces of Hainault and Namur we passed through the agricultural districts of Marche and Luxenburg and reached the frontier on Dec. 4th. Since then the hike has been over the Eiffelwald Mountains, a chain of hills rising from the Rhine Valley very wild and sparsely settled and it was only the last day or two that the going was anyways easy.

We (the whole Brigade) entered into Bonn on the 12th, with the bands playing the "Marseillaise" and "O Canada" and were regarded by the crowds with curious indifference. We were very well housed in the Kaiserin Augusta Artillery Barracks and spent two days there before moving on to here.

Bonn is a very fine city and the university town of Germany. It has an up-to-date electric tram service and several of us availed ourselves of this to go sight-seeing. The University Buildings have very magnificent grounds. Conditions in Germany are not as bad as we were led to believe. The food is of, course, dear and nasty, substitutes being used for nearly everything, but nobody looks very starved and other-

wise life is even more normal than in London. The people are, of course, heartily glad the war is over, but they are agreeably surprised that we are so meek and mild in our occupation of their country. We go and come as we please, always armed, of course, and preferably in couples and go freely into shops and beer gardens and theatres. Some of the boys went to the movies this afternoon in Obercassel and found same excellent.

Yesterday we left Bonn and marched (the whole 2nd Canadian Division) through Bonn and over the Rhine Bridge in the centre of which Gen. Currie took the salute. Some swank, what? We marched with fixed bayonets and with all our transport, the procession being about eight miles long, which not only held up all traffic in Bonn for half a day, but also gave the worthy burghers a wholesome respect for their conquerors.

I do not know how long We will be here but everyone is anxious to get home. Already a feeling of demobilization is in the air and certain arrangements are being made for education of skilled men during that period. In my platoon 90 per cent. of the men have put themselves down for courses in either agriculture, engineering or motor mechanics.

Your affectionate nephew,

(Signed) J. A. FLETCHER.





MAJOR TEMPLE MACDONALD
Killed in Action

LIEUTENANT REGINALD BASIL HINGSTON

Lieutenant Reginald Basil Hingston, who was killed in action at Marcelcave, near Amiens, on August 8th, 1918, at the age of thirty-three, was the third son of the late Sir William Hingston, M.D., and Lady Hingston.

Basil Hingston was one of the original Loyola College boys. He began his course in September 1896, and left after his year of Humanities in 1901, when he was sent for a year to Mount St. Mary's College, Derbyshire, England. On his return, instead of continuing his course, he went at once into business, a mistake he afterwards regretted. After a year's training in a wholesale house he took up brokerage.

In May, 1913, he was married in Westminster Cathedral, London, to Miss Berthe La Rocque, of Montreal.

In the winter of 1915-1916, when the ardour for recruiting had slackened and our military situation looked anything but promising, Basil Hingston made up his mind where his duty lay and enlisted. He had long desired to take this step, but hesitated because he had a wife and two small children to support, and the fact that of his three brothers, two had already enlisted and the third was soon after due to don khaki, made him pause.

He went without any illusions and made his sacrifice long in advance.

LETTER OF FATHER FORTIER

Aug. 9th. 1918. On the Battlefield.

Dear Lady Hingston,

I come to you as a messenger of your dear departed son Basil. His last words were the following: "Tell all at home that I die happy!" And as I helped him to repeat the sacred prayer; Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on me! he lapsed into unconsciousness and passed away after a short agony of five minutes. He had then received Holy Vaiticum. I had heard his confession and given him the general Absolution, while Father Tompkins had annointed him. What a happy death! I am perfectly convinced the Almighty will be merciful unto such Christian heroes.

Father Tompkins and I had been following the attack on the 8th, that is yesterday, and we came to Basil some five minutes after he had been struck by a bullet some few inches below the heart. I think that God had directed our steps, as we had proposed

His military career was a short one. Joins ing the 244th Bn. as a Lieutenant, he walater transferred to the 24th Battalion, V.R.C. He was killed on the morning of August 8th, 1918, when the Canadians broke through the German lines beyond Amiens, and penetrated to a depth of twelve and a half miles. Lieutenant Basil Hingston is buried not far from where he fell as he led his men to their objective at Marcelcave. R.I.P.

Basil's memory lingers in Loyola and amongst his former schoolmates as that of a very clever and popular boy, of lovable disposition and unusual charm of manner. He was fond of athletic sports and excelled in them. He excelled in studies also whenever he chose to apply himself.

What he was in college he remained in after-life. Few were more popular than he. Few deaths more regretted than his. A deep but unobtrusive piety, the fruit of his early training, remained with him always, but shone forth with unsuspected intensity in his last letters home and sustained him in his last moments, which were particularly edifying.

To his much tried mother, to Mrs. Basil Hingston, and to all his family the Review begs leave to extend the sympathy of all boys.

going in another direction. As he saw me, his beautiful smile convinced me that he feared not death, and never have I been more conscious of a priest's power at such moments.

Basil did not suffer and the sacrifice of his life he

offered most heroically.

I shall say Mass for the repose of his soul at the first opportunity. The great battle is still going on, still raging on rather, and the possibility of saying Mass will not come until our Division is withdrawn

for a rest.

I have in my possession a few articles found in Basil's pockets, which I shall mail to you at the first oppor-

tunity; his ring, a scapular medal, a small note-book.

I pray you, dear Lady Hingston, to accept the sincere expression of my condolence and sympathy.

Will you kindly extend the same to Rev. Father Hingston and the other members of the family.

May God come to your help in this hour of bereavement.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) J. A. Fortier, Major-Chaplain,
H. Q. 2nd Can. Div. Artillery,
France.



LIEUT, R. B. HINGSTON Killed in Action near Amiens August 8, 1918

LIEUTENANT RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

Lieut. "Roddy" Lemieux, only son of the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, M.P., ex-Postmaster General, died of wounds on August 29th, 1918.

Roddy was born in Montreal on the 27th of April, 1898, came to Loyola in 1906, where he remained for three years. He was a successful pupil, passing many of his examinations with honours. After matriculating from Bishop's College, Lennoxville, he obtained a Lieutenancy in the Governor General's Footguards. Though only 18 years of age he was anxious to fight for his country voluntarily and went to Quebec, where he joined the Officers' Training Corps Later he joined the under Col. Fages. 258th regiment, but after repeated requests from the 22nd he was finally transferred to this famous French Canadian Regiment.

FROM W. A. CURRIE

Headquarters, Canadian Corps, 22nd September, 1918.

Canadian Section, G.H.Q.

I am attaching herewith a report from the G.O.C., 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade, with reference to the death of the late Lieut. Rodolphe Lemieux.

The loss of this young and gallant Officer is most keenly felt by his Battalion, his Brigade, and the corps generally. I did not know him well personally, but I know that he was always most highly regarded by his fellow Officers and dearly loved by his men. The last time I saw him was marching proudly at the head of his Platoon, and it is peculiarly sad that he should have been struck down on the very day which must have been the proudest day of his life, namely, the day on which he first commanded a Company in battle.

I may say that the fighting in the Arras battle was very severe, the enemy being determined to stay by every means possible, the advance of the Canadians. He fought up every inch of the way because the defence, which we were attacking formed the very hinges of his position. It was largely due to the gallant leadership of such splendid young Officers as Lemieux that the success of the Canadians was so pronounced.

(Sgd.) A. W. CURRIE,

Lieut.-General, Commanding Canadian Corps. He was offered the post of Inspector at Camp Whitley, in England, but, to quote his own words: "I wish to be on the firing line in France." Roddy was not only a hero but a fervent Catholic and a daily communicant. His last words to the Chaplain of the 22nd, Capt. the Rev. J. J. Desjardins, are worthy of a Crusader of old. "You will return this crucifix to my fond parents. Tell them I did my duty."

Loyola, whose privilege it was to have him as a pupil, will ever cherish the memory of this young Catholic hero, who as his Hon. father tells us, always looked back with fond remembrance to the days he had spent there.

Roddy was recommended for the M.C. but the Divine Master had a much greater reward in store for him, who had been so loyal to his king, his country and his God.

FROM F. L. TREMBLAY

5th Canadian Infantry Brigade, A.Q., 11, 178.

Headquarters,

2nd Canadian Division "A"

Reference your A (b) 44-1 of the 10th instant.
The late Lieutenant Rodolphe Lemieux was a
Platoon Commander in "A" Company, 22nd Battalion, prior to the attack of the 27th August.

On that day, he went forward with his Company. The enemy offered a very stiff opposition, and our

The enemy one to a casualties were heavy.

A few hours after the attack was launched, a rehad to be made. "B" Company having organization had to be made. "B" Company having lost all its officers, Lieutenant Lemieux was placed in command of the remnants of that Company, which he led forward with skill and great dash.

On the 28th of August, he again led the same Company into a second attack. The opposition met with, from the start, was very heavy; especially the Machine

Gun fire, which was intense.

Lieutenant Lemieux was wounded in the abdomen by a machine gun bullet shortly after the kick-off. He was immediately conducted from the field, but died from his wounds in the hospital at 10 p.m., the 29th of August.

He had been with the Battalion only for a short time, but his loss is greatly felt by all ranks. During that short period, he had become exceedingly popular with the officers and men. The gallantry, the cheerfulness, and the splendid qualities of leadership he showed on the 27th and 28th of August, under most trying conditions, have classed him amongst the best officers who have served with the 22nd Battalion. (Sgd.) F. L. TREMBLAY,

Brigadier-General, Cmdg. 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade.



LIEUT. RODDY LEMIEUX Killed in Action, Aug. 29, 1918 Old Loyola, 1906

LIEUTENANT THOMAS SARGENT OWENS

Lieut. Thomas Sargent Owens died of multiple gunshot wounds received in action in France. Lieut. Owens, who was twentynine years of age, was the only son of Thomas P. Owens, chief editor of the Hansard staff at Ottawa, and shortly before going overseas was married to Dorothy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Hague, of Montreal. He left Canada in June, 1917, with the 207th Battalion and was drafted to France last April with the 38th Royal Ottawa Battalion.

Born in Montreal, Lieut. Owens received his education at Loyola College, where he gained the degree of B.A., and afterwards B.C.L. from McGill University. He practised his profession for some years in Montreal and was looked upon as one of the most popular members of the Junior Bar.

Before leaving for overseas, Lieut. Owens did much good work in the interests of recruiting both in Quebec and Ontario. He joined originally in the 5th Royal Highlanders in August, 1915, and qualified as captain with that unit. He later transferred to the 73rd Highlanders and did valuable work in connection with the organizing and recruiting of the battalion. Again, transferring, he joined the 207th at Ottawa, and visited many parts of this province on organizing and recruiting work.

He went overseas with the 207th and when they were broken up for reinforcements, reverted to the rank of lieutenant in order to be able to get to the front.



LIEUT. S, OWENS Killed in Action Old Loyola, 1896

LIEUTENANT MAURICE HENRI VIDAL

Lieutenant Maurice Henry Vidal was born on March the twenty-second, 1893, at Woolsey Barracks, London, Ontario. He was the son of the late Brigadier General Vidal, Inspector General of the Canadian Forces, and of Mrs. Vidal, daughter of the late Sir Henri Taschereau, of Montreal.

He received his early education at the Model School, and Ottawa Collegiate. Later he was a pupil of Loyola College and then proceeded to study in England.

When war broke out he was but twenty, but after receiving permission from his mother to enlist, he joined the colours on the fifth of August, 1914, as a private in the Strathcona Horse.

He worked his way up to Staff Sergeant, and was gazetted an officer in the early Spring of 1916. He proceeded to France with reserves for the 75th Battalion and met his death gallantly on the twenty-eighth of July, 1917, during the heavy fighting near Lens.

The Faculty and Students of Loyola College offer their sincere sympathy to the bereaved members of his family.



LIEUT. MAURICE HENRI VIDAL Killed in Action near Lens, July 28, 1917 Old Loyola, 1907

LIEUT. HENRI DE VARENNES

Henri de Varennes, son of the Hon. E. de Varennes, M.L.C., was born at Waterloo, Que., November 27th, 1892. He came to Loyola as a small boy, remaining till after Rhetoric, when he went to St. Mary's College for his Philosophy and thence graduated with the degree of B.A. He then took up the study of Civil Engineering at the Polytechnical School, but enlisted in the 163rd, in April, 1916.

His Battalion spent six months in Bermuda and then proceeded to England, where Henri took up his course in one of the Officers Training Schools, and carried off the honours

Extract from a letter written by Father W. Hingston, S.J., C.F.

France, September 2nd, 1917

You have heard the sad news of Henri de Varennes' death. I learned of it only to-day from Father Fortier, O.M.I. It was a shock to me, as it is not two months since I saw him in England, and he had been only a few weeks in France when he was killed.

I had taken an unusual interest in Henri ever since I had taken an unusual interest in the heber his career at Loyola as a very small boy. In the began his career his teacher for two years. He was an exceptionally clever boy, most successful in his studies, as the yearly prize lists show, and though not a hard worker, he was studious and reliable. He had, moreover, a taste for reading, especially for History.

When after spending six or eight years at Loyola, he

went to St. Mary's for his philosophy, I was pleased, as I

over several hundred contestants. In France, he served with the 22nd, the famous French-Canadian Battalion.

On the 15th of August, 1917, he fell a martyr to duty a short distance from where one of his noble ancestors fell at the battle of Malplaquet several centuries ago.

His bravery won admiration from all who knew him and he was recommended for the D.S.O., but God called him to Himself before he had the consolation of this earthly reward.

To his bereaved mother and relatives Loyola extends most sincere sympathy.

thought contact with French Canadian fellow-students useful to him in view of his future. I always fancied that some day he would become a prominent figure in political life.

He was an only son, a descendant of the intrepid He was an only son, a descendant of the intrepid Varennes de la Verendrye who, with his sons was the discoverer of much of Western Canada beyond the Great Lakes. A great grand aunt was the saintly Mme. d'Youville, foundress of the Grey Nuns.

I last saw Henri at Shoreham Camp, Sussex. He was tall and broad and bronzed by the sun. He had

thrown himself with all his energy into the study of tactics and was reputed a very good officer. Father Fortier tells me that, in the few weeks he was in France, he had already earned the reputation of a keen and efficient officer, and likewise of a most devout Catholic. Henri was always a frequent communicant and he was most exemplary in his whole life. R.I.P.





HENRI DE VARENNES Killed in Action, 15th August, 1917 Old Loyola, 1906

TROOPER WM. ALEXANDER PEARSON

Trooper Wm. Alexander Pearson was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Pearson, of Buckingham, Que., where he was born in 1890. He attended the Christian Brothers School in his early years, until he entered Loyola in 1907. In 1909 he crossed the ocean and entered the "Albion Automobile Works" in Glasgow, Scotland, where he became an expert mechanic. After returning to Canada he spent a year in the service of the National Trans-Continental Railway, West of Cochrane. In 1912 he went "West," visiting different cities en route, and finally settled in Edmonton, where he was very successful. Here, in April, 1918, he enlisted in the "R.N.W. Mounted Police," Cavalry Draft, and went overseas the first week of June—was stationed at Shorncliffe, England, until the latter part of September, when about 200 of the Cavalry were transferred to the 1st Canadian Tank Battalion at Bovington Camp, Wareham, Dorset, England, where he was stationed at the time of the signing

trucks and enjoyed the training thoroughly. He was among the number booked to return to Canada on the first trip of the Olympic. Unfortunately for his home and loved ones this sailing was cancelled for a week, to allow the Hospital Ship with wounded to be brought home to Canada first, and Trooper Pearson was given his first leave (in 7 months) for the week. He went up to Scotland to renew old acquaintances of 1909, and was on his way back to Camp when he was accidentally killed in London, at Trafalgar Square Underground Station, on the last day of his leave, in fact the only one he spent in London.

of the Armistice. He was driving one of the

Will. Pearson was always an exemplary Catholic, of a bright, sunny disposition, and well beloved by all who knew him best. A most devoted son and brother, belonged to the Knights of Columbus, and never failed to perform the duties of his Holy Religion.

FROM G. G. BINNING

Canadian Tank Depot,
Bovington Camp,
Wareham, Dorset, England.
Dec. 9th, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Pearson,

It is with deep regret that I write you in regard to your son, Pte. W. A. Pearson of this unit.

I am extremely sorry to have to inform you that he was accidently killed on the underground railway at Charing Cross Station, London, on November 28th.

He was on leave for seven days and had been at Edinburgh, Scotland, and was returning to camp here, and was spending the last day of his leave in London.

On Thursday, the 28th, he was evidently going to some other part of Lendon by the underground railway and unfortunately, he had evidently gone down the wrong stairway and just at the bottom he slipped against the moving train and was dragged about 50 feet into the tunnel, sustaining injuries from which he died. He was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, but was dead when examined by the Doctor there, who stated that death had been instantaneous and was caused from a fractured skull. On our being notified, I went up to London to identify the body, as I knew

your son very well since he was transferred to us about two months ago. I was also at the inquest which was held and where after several eye-witnesses of the sad occurrence had given evidence, a verdict of accidental death was rendered by the Coroner. Your son was buried on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 5th, in the Canadian Cemetery in London, and was given a Soldier's Funeral. Doubtless, you have already been notified of his death, but I thought that you might care to hear from me and to get the facts of the case, as possibly an official intimation would not convey very much information to you as to how he met his death.

Will you please accept my deepest sympathy in your sad loss. What makes it all the more sad was the fact that the war was now practically over, and there was every prospect of your son having an early return to Canada.

Your son was very well liked by his comrades and speaking for myself, I always found him a very smart and obedient soldier.

Again expressing my sympathy with you,

I am, Madam,
Yours truly,
G. BINNING,
Sgt.-Major.



WM. ALEXANDER PEARSON Accidentally Killed in London, Eng. Old Loyola, 1907

DESMOND GLADSTONE O'BOYLE

Desmond Gladstone O'Boyle was born at Schreiber, Ont., on October 1st, 1894. He attended the Sacred Heart School at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., passing his Entrance Examinations from that school with high honours. At twelve years of age he entered Loyola College as a student, and made a brilliant course, leaving after his matriculation on account of ill health.

Two years later he enrolled at Notre Dame, Indiana and was within a short time of winning his degree, when he enlisted with the 119th Battalion at his own city, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., sailing for England in August, 1916.

Taking his course as Musketry Instructor he headed a class of 33, gained a First Class Imperial Certificate for Musketry Instruction and was offered his commission in the Imperial Army, which honour he declined, to be made Musketry Instructor in his own Battalion with his own comrades, with the rank of Sergeant.

He reverted to the ranks in February, 1918, in order to get to France, and joined the glorious 58th Battalion. In all the fighting done by this unit during the summer, Desmond did his part as Company Runner, as he spoke and read French and displayed great intelligence and knowledge of that area of the country. On October first, the Battalion was advancing on Cambrai, and met such a fierce machine gun fire that the officer in charge sent a reconnoitering party to find a way to bring up the men in more safety. The Company Commander, Captain Johnson, Desmond O'Boyle, Company Runner; the Sergeant Major, Richard McFadden of the Sault, and the Company Signaller went forward on the hazardous duty. As they crossed a stubble field entirely devoid of shelter, Desmond was caught by machine gun fire, and fell mortally wounded. His Captain gave him first aid, and made him as comfortable as possible, and on the signal to advance,

McFadden ran to him, pressed his hand and bade him goodbye. The machine gun fire was so fierce that they lay all day about 300 feet from Desmond, but could neither advance or retreat. At eleven at night the Battalion came up another way, and when McFadden joined it he was a nervous wreck from the day's horrors. The Captain and the Sergt.-Major both dangerously wounded had fallen into the hands of the Germans, to be recovered two days later, and there was no sign of the signaller.

Next day at 11 a.m. a burial party found Desmond lying just as McFadden left him, except that he held his rosary in his right hand which had fallen back by his face as though he had made a last dying effort to kiss the cross. "Of all that I have seen over there" said the Methodist soldier who identified him, "the sight of the holy peace on Desmond's marble features and the tightly held rosary in his hand, impressed me the most, and was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen". "I shall never forget it." "He had everything," continued the soldier, "not only his own to be the last to clasp his hand, and the first to gaze on his dead face and to give him loving burial, but a military funeral was provided for him." An Artillery Brigade was working close by, and they came up to Toulloy, near Cambrai, to bury one of their own men, and so provided a chaplain and all the requisites for a military funeral for Desmond. He was slated for a commission in the Royal Air Force, and had hoped to be in training in England by Christmas. He is buried along with many others in Toulloy, a pretty village just outside of Cambrai, and with his comrades who gave their lives that others might live, awaits, let us hope, a glorious Resurrection.

His wife and a three year old son survive him.

To his parents, wife and only son, Loyola extends sincere sympathy.



DESMOND O'BOYLE Killed in Action at Cambrai, October 1, 1918

PTE. PAUL S. CONROY

Paul S. Conroy was the son of Mr.T. Conroy and Mrs. Conroy, (née Mary A. Smith) of 48 St. Louis Square, Montreal. He came to Loyola in 1900 and graduated with the degree of B.A. in 1910. Paul was a brilliant student and one of the youngest graduates who passed through Loyola. Popular with the Faculty and boys alike, he was ever ready to be called upon in all school activities to uphold the honour of his college. But his popularity in college was only a prelude to the high esteem in which he was to be held later on by the Irish population of Montreal.

After leaving Loyola he went to McGill, made a successful study of law and in a short time had built up for himself a prosperous business. Business was never so urgent that Paul could not find time to work for the interests of Irish Catholic activities and was one of the most energetic workers in the S.A.A.A., coming to the breach when the services of such a one were sorely needed. His work was ever characteristic of his unselfish nature, always devoid of personal interest.

The voices of his many Loyola friends calling to him from the battlefield of France were too strong for him and he sacrificed all to don the khaki in the R.F.C.

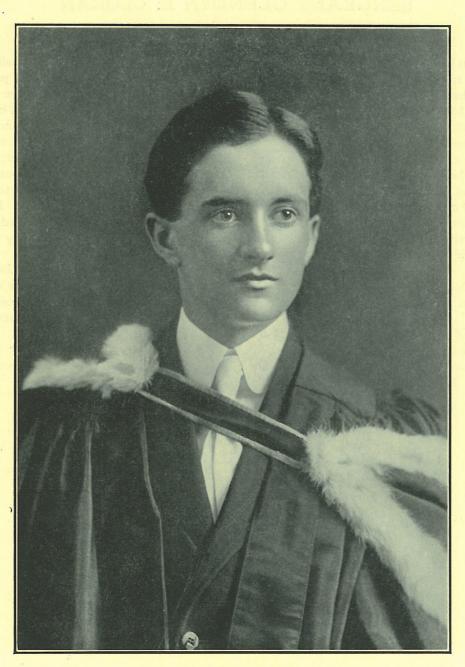
He was only a few months in training when he died of influenza at camp. Loyola Faculty and boys, past and present, mourn the death of this young graduate, for in his passing away the College and community at large suffered a distinct loss.

His memory will ever be an inspiration to future graduates for in all things he placed his religion first and foremost. When in College he was a fervent Sodalist and was rarely known to miss the Saturday morning meeting when the Sodalists convoke to honour Mother Mary.

Later in life, when a prosperous notary, his weekly confession was for him a sacred duty. His last visit before leaving for camp was to his Jesuit professor at Loyola, whose blessing he humbly requested.

To his afflicted father, mother and sisters Loyola extends most heartfelt sympathy.





PAUL S. CONROY Died in training Old Loyola 1906

SERGEANT GLENDYN L. CLORAN

United States Army

Glendyn Lionel Cloran was a Montrealer by birth and education. His father was the late Mr. Michael M. Cloran and his mother, formerly Miss Harriet Brady of New York. Loyola had Glen in residence up to 1904; and then Cornell University received him for a course in engineering. After his studies he entered the employ of his uncles, Messrs. James and Daniel Brady of New York, in their steel and railway offices and later joined the Degnon Subway Building Company.

In November, 1917, the wedding bells rang out for him and Miss Mary Burns, of New York; yet, with the advance of the flag of his adopted land into the line of battle, Glen enlisted in her army of millions as a simple private.

None of the old Loyola Boys nor of his many friends throughout two countries will be surprised to read how strongly Captain the Rev. Hugh McNulty, S.J., testifies to

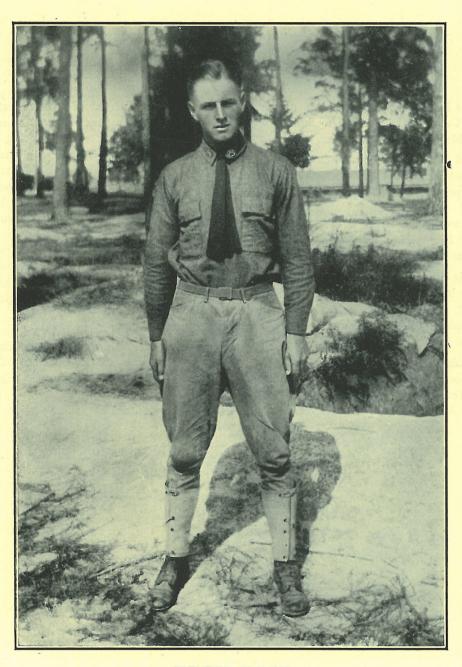
this soldier boy's many sterling qualities. He writes: Rapid progress and sound popularity were laurels that Glen could ever win and wear with the greatest of ease. In camp and in civil life his generosity knew no bounds and his readiness to help went out to all and every work that happened his way. By the Fall of 1918 he had already put on the sergeant's stripes and was instructor in the Machine Gun Schools of Camp Hancock, Georgia. Here it was that he died of influenza on the 9th of December, fully prepared for the Great Summons.

His service Star must ever be an inspiration to Loyola Boys,—no matter under what flag they live—to follow along the sterner road of duty, even unto the hallowed heights of noble self-sacrifice.

His bereaved wife and mother have the sincere sympathy of all the Faculty and Student body.







GLENDYN CLORAN Died at Camp Hancock

PTE. THOMAS EMMET CONROY

Thomas Emmet Conroy, fourth son of Mr. Thomas Conroy and Mary A. Smith, was born at Montreal, 27th October, 1895.

In 1906 he entered Loyola College where he pursued his studies with marked success for five years and afterwards took up the study of architectural drawing and contracting work. He had a splendid career ahead of him which would have reflected honour on his family and his Alma Mater.

Like his brother Paul, of whom we speak elsewhere in this issue, Emmet was a hearty supporter of the Shamrock A.A.A. and played basketball for it, winning two championships.

In October, 1917, he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, spending the winter in Fort Worth, Texas. He returned to Camp Mohawk in April and died on October 12th,

1918, after an illness of two weeks, following an attack of influenza and pneumonia.

He had the consolation of seeing his father and mother before death, and his mother was with him until he breathed his last, fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church. He passed away only a few hours before his brother Paul, who also died of double pneumonia.

Though the death of one of our "Old Boys" always caused heartfelt sorrow to Loyola Faculty and student body, this double tragedy cast a deeper gloom over their Alma Mater.

The memory of these two young heroes will ever live within the College and many a fervent prayer will ascend that God may reward them generously for their great sacrifice and send consolation to their sorrowing parents and sisters.







PTE. THOMAS EMMET CONROY Died in Training at Camp Mohawk Old Loyola, 1906

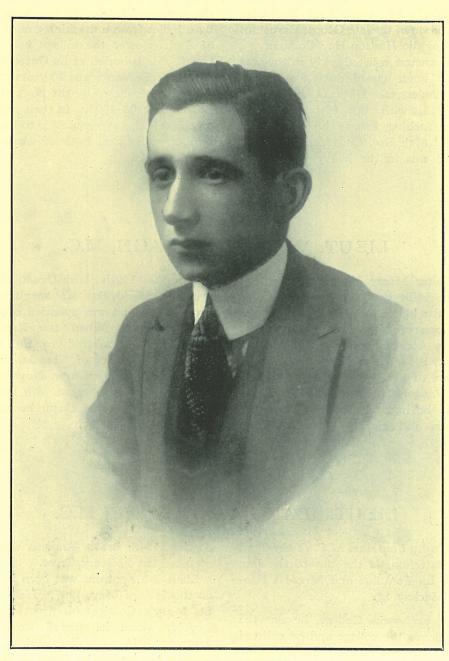
PTE. HOWARD FARLEY

Howard was a student at Loyola for two years. Afterwards he followed the Science Course at McGill, but enlisted voluntarily after his second year.

In July, 1917, he joined the Motor Cycle Squad at Richmond, Que., from there to Valcartier Camp, until Sept. 28th, 1917. On Oct. 2nd, 1917, he left for England. In England, he was transferred to the 14th Battalion. After training there he proceeded to France, March 24th, 1918. He participated in all the big battles with his battalion until Sept. 2nd, 1918, the day he was killed.

He had been recommended for a commission and was left out of the line for a few days waiting to go to England, but the casualties were so heavy that he was obliged to take his place in the depleted ranks. He was killed at Cagnicourt, France, in the Cambrai Road Battle.

To his family Loyola extends heartfelt sympathy.



HOWARD FARLEY
Killed in Action at Cagnicourt, France
Sept. 2, 1918

PRIVATE ALEXANDER BARNSTON

Private Alexander S. Barnston, killed in action, was a son of the late Alexander Stuart Barnston, of the Montreal Stock Exchange and the grandson of the late George Barnston, chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company.

Private Barnston enlisted early in the war and was on home guard duty for several months at Soulanges. He went overseas in October, 1915, with the 60th Battalion. Soon after reaching France he was transferred to the 87th Bn., Canadian Grenadier Guards, and was in the heavy fighting on

the Somme, at Vimy Ridge and many other memorable battles with the Canadians since the spring of 1916. He was instantly killed by a bullet from a machine gun at the battle of Amiens after the village had been captured. He is buried at La Quesnei.

Private Barnston was 26 years of age. He will be remembered by the boys who were at Loyola in 1903–1905. In their name we beg to extend sincere sympathy to his widowed mother and sister, both of whom reside in Montreal.

LIEUT. W. M. KAVANAGH, M.C.

Lieut. Walter Moore Kavanagh has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in the battle of Boiry-Notre Dame. He is the son of Mrs. Arthur Kavanagh, Pine Avenue Apartments.

In August, 1914, Lieut. Kavanagh, though but 17 years of age, joined the 55th Irish-Canadian Rangers, as a private. By the fall of 1915 he had won his way into the N.C.O. mess and carried three chevrons. When the 199th Irish-Canadian Rangers were authorized, Sgt. Kavanagh volunteered his services, and was awarded a commission as Lieutenant. When the Rangers were drafted he transferred to the 42nd Bn. Royal Highlanders of Canada, with whom he served in France from November, 1917, until wounded on August 28th last. In the battle of Boiry-Notre Dame he was in command of C. Company.

LIEUT. JEAN LA FONTAINE, M.C.

Lieut. Jean La Fontaine, M.C. of the 22nd Canadian Battalion, is the son of the late Judge Ulric La Fontaine and Mrs. La Fontaine, 426 Mackay St.

A student at Loyola College, he was the first one to leave the college and he enlisted at the age of eighteen in the 163rd Battalion in January, 1916. He spent over a year and a half in the firing line and was present at Hill 70, Passchendaele, the Somme and all actions, in which the famous 22nd French-Canadians took part.

He was seriously wounded on the 16th of

August, 1918, before Amiens, when he was awarded the Military Cross.

Lieut. La Fontaine was born in Montreal, on the 24th of May, 1897. He went first to St. Mary's College, Montreal and then to Loyola, where he stayed from 1911 till January, 1916.

He is the nephew of Judge E. La Fontaine and brother of Mr. Aymé La Fontaine, secretary of the Montreal Catholic School Board.

Lieut. J. La Fontaine's many friends at Loyola offer him their sincere congratulations.





ALEXANDER STUART BARNSTON
Killed in Action at Amiens, in the Spring of 1916
Old Loyola, 1903

War and Peace

War follows upon Peace just as surely as Peace follows upon War, and only more changing than the whims of men are the whims of humanity and so it is that history not only repeats itself but repeats itself aggravatingly. Like the transient passions of men it treads in a beaten round and the story of men is a story of their passions. Of these passions war is an outcome and in them, war has a common origin, so that with growing humanity it has grown and in, the refining passions of men it shifted on broader lines and lay deeper in the heart of kings. So it was that the world still in an infant civilisation, grew unruly in its swaddling clothes and a fitful fever lay in the bones of nations. Because men's hearts were as they have ever been ungenerous, restless and selfcentered, they measured prosperity with the march of neighbouring powers, and were happy and content only when their rivals were humiliated or dispossessed. The world grew on apace and rival dynasties grew up side by side and revelled in their strength and waxed strong in their resources and lusted for the struggle that would win them supremacy. And that is the old story of humanity and that is how history began to repeat itself. For Cain grew envious of Abel and Achilles grew sullen with Ajax and Imperial Rome looked askance at Corinth, the light of Greece, and out of mutual distrust, is bred the din of battle and in the wake of discord, comes the sound of marching men. "Love one another" was as much in practice then as it is now, and the unstable heart of man can never find peace with man until he first makes it with his God. The world is bound in a continuous chain around the feet of God and who breaks with his God must break with man.

Much in this fashion has been the march of growing peoples and in the ebb and tide of plangent wars they have swung across the bar and run out to sea, and Greece and Rome and Spain and France and Germany have had their day and then they sat them down to a pusillanimous peace-making, and out of the shifting passions of men, they threw up

the fabric of peace and wondered when it came tumbling down again about their ears.

And all this may be said to have begun when the Athenians unwisely insolent, grew contemptuous of their powerful neighbours, the Medes, and the Medes in turn became thoughtfully afraid of a restless rival. And then men's passions were astir and on every wind came the rumour of war. At last came the tramp of hurrying legions and the cold glories of war and thus was fought the greatest battle of ancient times. It took but a day for Greek to break the Persian yoke and in the morning the debris of battle was swept away, and with the heat gone out of their blood, they picked their way to the rallying point of peace. And beautiful was the fabric of peace that they built upon the land and they each strode home with the loud laughter of security upon their lips, not knowing that what they built upon cold blood would not withstand the heat of day no more than battlements on shifting sand.

But the world was young and vulgar and men were rude and rash and inconsiderate. The world grew on apace. It grew older and grew wiser and men no longer carried their hearts at their sleeves' ends nor bellowed their ambitions in the hearts of a restless people. But concealment is a festering restraint and men's hearts were never any the better for what they hid there, nor did growing refinement in their manners put any humility into their aspirations. If anything, the growing world only grew ashamed of its grossness and was in its dubious refinement but seeking for another garb in which to deck its vicious leanings. And when France through the throes of revolution had taught her citizens to love each other as well as they loved themselves, she found herself in the hands of a tireless genius who I believe never loved anyone as much as he loved himself. And the world had then been posting for centuries towards a measured enlightenment far from the vulgarity and uncouthness that sat so becomingly on its ancestors. It was truly a season of light and France stood

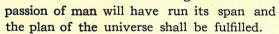
high in the heavens, but when ever did enlightenment bring force to the frailty of human resolution or give mastery over the passions? And when peace should be emerging with struggling radiancy from the parliament of peoples, Bonaparte threw the shadow of conquest across the land and it crept around the world till the Powers that he would bring to naught, found him a kingdom by the sea. And now that the pest was driven from out the land, it was high time now and forever and for once and for all to

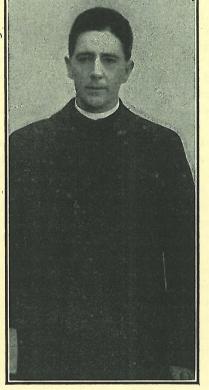
gather together the Fathers of the people and institute an era of good-will and universal peace. For after all, war was not human nor was armed resistance a reasonable way to settle differences. It was ever thus, and the world believed it so and once again, without a thought of God, they construed them a peace on the purportless passions of man, and the world went on being civilised.

But the limited space of this essay compels me to span the listless years, and now that we are in the high tide of civilisation, the nations should ride down the waves, colours to the wind, and commingle in a sea of gold. Man's heart has its full measure of enlightenment, and prosperity and humaneness and peace must be the natural issue of this onward march. And yet withal, in this uni-

versal hush the sound of drums is heard from afar and the tramp of angry men, and the beat is louder than ever and the tramping men are heard across the world and in a while the greatest war of nations is upon us. It burst on us like a fury and, for four long years, it swept around the world, and in the thick of it, stricken man, with the will to think, learned that for all the fineness of his metal, he carried a heart like his ancestors, rancourous and truculent. For never did the story of men reveal such a succession of subterfuge and disloyalty. But in the wake of it all came, as needs must be, the piping times of Peace and now the lords of the world are sitting in judgment on the wayward-

ness of peoples and awaiting further enlightenment to straighten out their quarrels and to construe the fabric of peace, for the last evil may be worse than the first. But it seems they would begin again with a misconception of their God, for He is not only the Lord of Hosts or the God of Battles, but the Prince of Peace; nor does he send His angels on errands that confound each other. Once again they calculate a peace on the restless hearts of men and nations ride up on the open highway to bury their differences and to mend their ways, but God is left out of their schemes and they wander into by-paths and come to blows, and history records again that another has been done to death. With the lights all gone out one by one, nations will fight on for their kingdoms until the





Rev. Fr. J. FILION, S.J., Provincial

HENRY SMEATON.



Loyola at McGill

To the average student who is completing his college course and is about to enter upon his university career the idea of university life conveys to his mind a rather vague and in some cases a somewhat erroneous impression. Upon quitting college he sees an end to the irksome routine which was forced upon him while within the college walls and considers himself about to be launched into an atmosphere of comparative leisure where he himself will be more or less master of the situation. In a word he looks upon himself as being freed from a state of quasi-bondage.

When my turn came to leave "Old Loyola" and to go forth into my period of university training at McGill, I must confess that I felt a certain degree of interior satisfaction at the bright and promising future which lay before me. But ere long I realized the truth of the old adage "all is not gold that glitters".

Upon entering McGill I found myself surrounded by entirely new circumstances, many of which were not altogether uncongenial, but in the main I felt as though a stranger in a strange land. It was not long, however, till that feeling of change, complete change, began to wear itself away and give place to a sense of contentment and resignation, and if some one were to ask me how it came to pass that within such a short period of time I became acclimated to my new surroundings, I could unhesitatingly answer that it was due in large measure, if not entirely, to the help and influence of the other Loyola boys who had preceded me to this center of learning.

There is, indeed, a substantial representation of Loyola's sons at McGill and of the goodly old sort too. They are always found with the genial smile, the ever ready shake of the hand, and the kindly word of encouragement when you meet them. But the trouble, the great trouble is, they are all so scattered. They are there as individuals and not as a unit. Look through the records of the various faculties, science, medicine or law, and remark the number of Loyola

men to be found therein. Follow these men through the different activities of university life, whether in the lecture hall, on the athletic field, or in the various scientific or literary societies, you will invariably find them acquitting themselves creditably of whatever task they may have attempted. And yet withal, there is nothing within the whole sphere of university life which will characterize these men distinctly as Loyola men.

Is it that these young men have lost the good old Loyola spirit which was instilled into them during their period of formation at the college? Is it that they have grown cold and negligent towards those who have spent themselves so generously in their behalf during their more tender years? It can scarccely be that. The explanation would appear to be that the old college spirit which exists as a living fact in each individual member seems to lie latent within the Loyola men as a body. Others, who labour within the university precincts, have thought fit to group themselves together in virtue of a bond much less intimate than that which unites the sons of Loyola, and still Loyola's representatives have not as yet deemed fit to constitute themselves a society within a society.

The result is that the scholastic, forensic, and athletic achievements of Loyola boys are, owing to the present disorganized state of things at the university, a mere record of individual distinction and no collective merit redounds to the credit of their "Alma Mater". And as long as present conditions prevail at the university, so long will Loyola be deprived of her rightful share in the laurels which are being won by her representatives.

What a splendid thing it would be if there should spring up right in the midst of all the other university societies a body composed exclusively of Loyola products. Why should not the Loyola men take their stand as Loyola men, and, by their mutual support to one another, become a power as such. And this conception or idea is by no means

an idle dream unattainable of realization. The fact is that the desired result could be brought about by a very simple process. Gather together all the young men who have at one time attended the college and who are at present in attendance at the university. Are they not all "de facto" members of the Loyola Old Boys' Association? Then what is to prevent an extension of this worthy body within the stately confines of Old McGill.

The effects of such an organization would be most beneficial and far-reaching, it would revive and keep alive and active the good old Loyola spirit which now lies dormant within her boys, and it would awaken within their breasts that sense of indebtedness towards their Alma Mater which can only be satisfied by an honest and firm endeavour in the accomplishment of each succeeding task.

Let us hope that ere long such an organization will be in existence at the university, and let us also trust that as Loyola keeps marching forward, her sons at McGill will be able to keep pace with her by reflecting upon their Alma Mater such credit and honour as will be in keeping with the position of importance and distinction which Loyola is bound to attain.

A LOYOLA McGILL BOY. May 21st, 1919.



REV FR. WM. H. HINGSTON, S J., RECTOR

A few thoughts on the Life of Jonathan Swift

While the thinkers of the world have condemned Jonathan Swift, his thoughts, his actions and his writings with savage criticism, shall I be pardoned if I strive to attenuate, even in the slightest, not his writings but his life, not those graceless productions of his acrid pen, but those misunderstood chapters of his life which are but the annals of persecution, misery and isolation?

When Jonathan Swift left for college, he was as light and gay as a young girl, but the rigorous discipline and the harsh punishments which were the characteristics of most of the universities of that age, instead of breaking his spirit, distorted his nature till he brooked no restriction and grew embittered at restraint. When a belabouring blast strikes a tree early in life, if it survives, it does so but to eke out a warped existence. So it was with Swift. Although he gathered the remnants of his shattered ambitions, his later life was but a series of growing disasters.

When he went to live as secretary with his uncle, who was a proud and arrogant man, but who entertained at his table some of the brightest literary men of that time, he was given a humble place in the household and was treated like a menial servant. Piqued and irritated by this treatment and by other occasional quarrels, especially one which created a rift between them almost impossible to bridge, he angrily left the place to live by himself. He had gone to college with the intention of adopting the ministry and now obtained a small curacy in the North where he barely earned enough to nourish his body. Swift's soul had been starved of clever and witty companionship and the abundance at his uncle's table lured him to mend the quarrel between them on the condition that he was treated as an equal. His uncle, who only realized then what a treasure he had lost in his secretary, consented, and Swift's future was ensured for a while.

Swift was immediately appreciated by his uncle's friends, both for his excellent literary taste and his sharp and ready wit. He was introduced to everybody of note in the Commonwealth, and even the queen, hearing of the new literary genius, received him in her following. His star, to an onlooker, seemed the brightest in the sky, and the one doomed to outlive all the others. His bright intellect won him charming friends wherever he went, but two of the friendships then conceived, blighted his whole career and proved the check to his elastic hopes.

Swift, longing to live for himself, and sure of a living now by his literary reputation, abandoned an association that was distasteful to him, and gained a substantial post as preacher, where he lived for a short while in comfort, until his political opinions won for him disfavour among his former sycophants and admirers. To be brief, he soon became shunned by all but a few faithful friends and a position of Dean, which he had been promised, was denied to him. His soul, already shrunk by mishap and disaster, became cankered and infested with the strongest resentment. He became a violent misanthrope and poured out his bitter misery in vehement diatribes on his fellow-men.

Swift waged his first battles at human society of all paths and occupations. Conceiving an antipathy for almanack-makers for their inane predictions, he assumed the title and abilities of an astrologer and launched an onslaught against Partridge, a man, who before he had taken to that remunerative enterprise, had been a shoe-maker. His first prediction relates to Partridge, the almanack-maker; "I have consulted the star of his nativity under my own rules, and find that he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time." Swift, in his savage pleasantry, after the 29th of March had passed, tells the world, as a recondite matter of great interest to all, that the undertaker has come to drape the residence of Partridge, the sexton to inquire "whether the grave is to be plain or bricked", the carpenter to screw down the coffin, the stone-cutter to prepare his memorial, and finally a successor to continue Partridge's business at his rooms. When Partridge, who indeed must have come perilously near the grave during his first fit of anger at his unknown assailant, makes a loud and furious denial, Swift replies with this gem of witticism, "To call a man a fool and villain, an impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. . . I will appeal to Mr. Partridge himself, whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet, to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that was ever pretended to be in them? And this is an affair at home where I had so many opportunities to be exact." Was he not, in his first attack, taking up the cudgels of Society instead of holding it to ridicule, by censuring one who was a menace to it?

As Swift proposed to make an unlimited attack on Society, we are not surprised to see him try to ridicule religion, Society's pillar, in his "Tale of a Tub". Science obtained its dower from Swift in the shape of a gleaming satire in which he says his first commentary will be on "Tom Thumb' whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metemy sychosis, deducing the progress of the stul t rough all her stages. "Whittington and his Cat" is the work of that mysterious Rabbi, Jehuda Nennasi, containing a defense of the Gemara of the Jerusalem Mishna, and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the popular opinion". What can be more ridiculous than his protrayal of the scientific failing towards useless and pedantic accumulations of words? Here again we find no fault with his remarks, aimed as they are at weaknesses of literary aspirants. His introduction hints a gibe at the senseless and tiresome prefaces and dedications with which a book of this sort is generally filled. He declares that he is about to place in the printer's hands "A panegyrical essay upon the number Three; A General History of Cars; A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages; An essay on the Art of Canting, philosophically and musically considered;" What a terrible attack he made on the race of man in "Gulliver's Travels" where he regards man in the light of the Yahoo. He calls man "The most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth."

We have just now pictured him when he was describing something hostile to his nature, but let us see if he improves in the contemplation of something he loves. When he had just married Stella, he wrote her these inconsiderate and brutal words, "Your sex employs more thought, memory and application to be fools than would serve to make them wise and useful.....When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and for aught I know, would equally become them." What could have served to turn a human heart that it could pen such deliberate insults to a young bride, but years of continual sorrow and enforced restraint? For, at an age, when love is needed to broaden the heart, he received harsh inconsideration. Not only was his heart crippled at this juncture but his mind was so seriously impaired, that, not so very long afterwards, he ended his miserable days in an asylum; and yet the would-be critics of that day, condemn his works without finding a word of pity for the terrible ordeal he had been through.

His wild literary reputation, a thing his youthful genius failed to do, found him a staunch foothold in society, where he never for a moment abated his embittered attitude towards his fellow-men, but maintained a surly front, which indeed did more for him, than would have a pleasant disposition. He insulted his hosts and hostesses, accepted invitations to dine and annulled them an hour later, and would brook not even the slightest offence from men greatly his social superiors. His sublime arrogance led him to rebuke the Prime Minister for some trifling detail. Everywhere he demanded the first advances to an acquaintance and treated his equals like dogs, while they, like dogs, were proud to kiss his feet.

As we run from word to word of Swift's

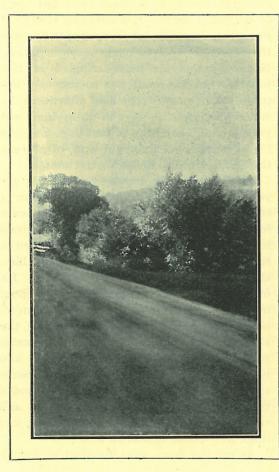
productions, we are struck by the heinous malice of the man; though he pens his humour but to give vent to ridicule, his words are but a veil to hidden teeth that tear and lacerate and, instead of a smile, they provoke a feeling of disappointment. But while we censure his haughty attitude towards those who should command his obsequious politeness, his boundless attacks on everything

that is good upon this earth, and the morose nursing of his hatred towards men, which led him to the madhouse, we should look with a kindly eye towards his youthful treatment which was to blame for perverting the man's undoubted genius to a narrow and unlighted path.

GERALD C. BRAY. '22

A Story of the American Revolution

The full moon shining from the starry sky, seemed to throw a silvery shadow over the whole scene: the brightly lighted old colonial mansion, the tall poplars lining the long drive, the indistinct outline of the stables and outbuildings. Had the moon been bright enough it would also have revealed



two figures, one tall and strongly built the other thin and wiry, approaching with caution the great front door, from which came forth sounds of revelry. Carefully, the two stepped on to the broad balcony and stood still for a second, dazzled by a flood of light issuing from one of the large French windows. Before they could move out of the light the sharp cry of a sentry rang out into the night: "Halt! Who goes there?" For a second the two stood as if stupefied, then both turned and bolted from the veranda, followed by the now thoroughly aroused sentry, who gave the alarm to his fellows as he ran.

About half-an-hour later a little squad of soldiers, having in their midst two bound men, the one tall and dark, the other short, wiry and fair, and both showing every sign of fatigue and hardship, marched along the moonlit avenue, up the broad steps into the great hall of the house. There they broke up and the two prisoners, still bound, were led off by an orderly to the temporary head-quarters of the officer commanding the company stationed in the mansion.

"Prisoners, sir," the orderly announced, "captured, prowling around the balcony."

"Very good, corporal. Bring them here," said a stout little major, seated at a big mahogany table in the centre of the room.

"Your name," he asked curtly of the bigger of the two men.

"Alan Fraser."

"And yours?"

"James Fraser."

"Your rank and business," asked the officer.

There was no answer.

"Come, sir, this will not do. Tell me your rank and business.

Before either of the two could speak, an officer who had just entered came over.

"I can tell you who they are, major. They are the sons of old Alan Fraser who owned this house. Old Alan has fled to Canada, and his boys are officers in the British Army."

"Very good, sir, and as they will give no answer to my questions, take them down to the old lock-house."

At a command, a file of soldiers marched in and escorted the two brothers out of the room and house to the little old guard-house, where both were thrown into a small cell and left to themselves.

Upon looking around, they found little to cheer them up. The place was well designed to prevent the escape of any enclosed within it; the walls and floor being of stone and the only window well guarded with bars. The door was of stout oak, having in its upper panel, a small window or sliding door through which the warder could inspect his prisoners or pass in food. The two men were so tired that they threw themselves upon the hard floor with scarcely a word, and, almost instantly, fell asleep.

When morning dawned the brothers found, on inquiring from their gaoler, that, owing to the unsettled conditions, food was not supplied to Loyalist prisoners; it could be secured, he stated, at a moderate price, from any of the people in the village near by. The man, having known their father, offered to do anything for them, so they gave him a message to a negress, an old servant of their mother, asking her to bring them food, and explaining their plight. The old woman was only too glad to serve the sons of her old master, and soon the boys settled down to the dreary life of the prison.

To one who has lived out in the woods, with no covering but the branches and the blue sky, to one who is a thorough woodsman, and Alan Fraser was all of that, there is nothing so trying as to be forced to remain cooped up without the exercise and freedom to which one is accustomed. It is not sur-

prising therefore, that Alan, a British officer with no love for his "Rebel" captors should set his active brain to work devising a means of escape. He could expect little beyond physical assistance from his younger brother. so, with characterisitic speed, he started forming numerous plans for escape, only to find that he rejected them all, until at last he hit upon one which seemed to offer some slight, very slight chance of success. The next morning he told his brother. The plan, briefly, was this: to secure from old mammy a file of some sort; during the night, to file the bars of the cell-window, then to drop out the window and, using the filed bar as a weapon, stun the sentry and escape.

His brother was not enthusiastic. "It all sounds very simple," he said, "but will it work?". "Well, don't be a pessimist, old man," answered Alan, "it's the only chance." "And a mighty small one at that," Jimmy remarked.

For some time they were at a loss as to how they were to communicate with old mammy, who could neither read nor write, yet without whose help they were powerless. If she found a note in her basket, she would probably go to someone to have it read. The question was how to write a note which would inform their old servant of their need without causing any one else to be suspicious.

That night Alan lay long awake, scheming, thinking, worrying. He reviewed the incidents leading up to and relative to his capture by the Americans; the surrender of the British, his escape and journey through the woods to his home where he had hoped to hide himself, how he was captured and led before the American officer in his own father's library. The scenes passed before his mind's eye. He saw himself standing with his brother before the big table, in the foreground, the commandant of the troops, in the back-ground, a picture, a canvas representing———

Suddenly he saw the solution of the problem. If only he could bring old mammy face to face with that picture, he would be free in less than a week. Oh! it was good, that feeling.

The next morning the brothers slipped a note into old mammy's basket, right under the eyes of the warder. So far it was all right; but, would the rest of the plan work? Dim misgivings rose before the elder brother's eyes, but he forced them down. It must work! It would work!

When old mammy discovered the note in her basket she took it at once to an old friend who read it for her. This is all there was: "Visit the old house, and see that the soldiers have not destroyed the library." She did as she was bid, and the next day returned to the jail and told the anxious brothers that the old house was still unchanged.

For a minute, a sense of failure seized upon Alan Fraser. After all, had he any right to expect success from such a simple plan? But the old British spirit was strong within him, the spirit of "Never say Die". He told mammy to go again to the Fraser house and carefully dust the pictures, insisting particularly on the big canvas behind the table in the library. After much protesting the old woman consented and the two brothers settled themselves for another day of waiting.

Their position was not an enviable one. Keyed up to the highest tension by their deferred hopes of escape, they were obliged to remain inactive through a long day and night, while an old negress, in whom was their sole hope of escape, pottered around the deserted villa, perhaps to hit upon what would save them, more likely to return as she had already done once, empty-handed. When the morning at last arrived, both were near the breaking point. If mammy had failed them again, all was over.

At last the hour arrived, and the old servant, accompanied by the warder, came to the little wicket and passed in the usual basket of food, nothing more. It was too disappointing for their wrought-up minds. In his anger, Alan seized the loaf of bread which the basket contained and flung it into the corner of the cell. It struck with a dull thud....—Had their ears deceived them, or had they really heard a ring as of metal on stone? Simultaneously the brothers threw themselves at the loaf, tore it in half, and on the stone floor between them there fell a bright new file.

Many weeks later, when the whole family were united once more, Alan told the story of their escape. The picture he had seen was one of an old Highlander, a supposed ancestor of the boys, painted in the cell of an English prison in which he had been held a prisoner, but from which he had escaped by filing the bars of the window. The imaginative painter had painted him diligently filing at the bars. It was on the slender hope, that mammy would see it and understand their want that their freedom had hung. Once they had secured the file the rest was easy. They worked by turns at night and in a few days all was ready for the final dash. Taking with them the filed bar as a weapon, they slipped out the window, stunned the sentry on guard, scaled the wall and, by morning, when their absence was discovered, were well on their journey north.

WILFRID SCOTT, '24.



Pipe Dreams

What is the "flu"? Whence does it come? This is a bit of a mystery that has been befuddling our wits for quite a ticklish period, and we are not very much further than when we started. Perhaps had those whom it interested and those whose business it was to know, gone further back than they had first thought feasible, so far back that there was nothing else left wherein to look for it they would as likely as anything else have stumbled across the origin of it. This is how I came to solve it, naturally "

"μή Κωλύων εῖ τις ἀλλος ἐπαγγέλλεται τι"

I do not indeed claim to be any kind of an authority on misbehaving young microbes or fuddlesome fevers. I do not believe I have a single title to my name, except a few misplaced initials. I am but a humble Rhetorician, a martyr, not to science, but to homework and the rising bell. It was not, therefore, by painful analysis or by any tiresome tinkering with bunsen burners, that I came to make my discovery. As I said before, in face of a mystery I went trotting back to antiquity. I knew very well that when the serpent threw Adam and Eve out of Paradise, there began a lot of trouble for the rest of us. I knew very well that when Remus jumped over the wall, Romulus came tumbling after and that upset a deal of History. The other day I learned that when Julius Caesar came to Britain for the first time, they put him out, but he came back again, and he stayed; but what I am driving at is this, that then our ancestors took to the sea, and have been mariners ever since. You see how many things are explained by going back far enough. Only last night, coming upon his eight historical wives, I realized for the first time why Henry was called Henry the Eight and not Henry the First.

Well, I was in this kind of an antiquary mood, when the epidemic problem came under my attention. It may surprise you, that Horace it was, who furnished the solution. You would have never thought that

Horace and I could have shared christian thoughts between us. Do you remember the ode to the Ship that carried Virgil from the Attic shore. He begins by bidding the boat to behave on the briny billows, and then, with a lightning-like lyric leap reproves the ridiculous rashness of our wretched race. Now do we come to the particular passage that gave me the clue. Horace informs us that as a result of the fact that Prometheus, whom, by the way, he calls by a very nasty name: "the awful offspring of Japetus", stole the sacred fire from the mansion of the mythical Muses, "macies et nova febrium terris incubuit cohors". What could be more simple? What more absurdly evident? Somebody stole sacred smoke from heaven and a new host of fevers spread or incubated, as Horace suggests, over the earth. The "flu" is the newest of new fevers, and there is absolutely no denying the fact that it incubated over the entire civilized world during 1918. Thus we may induce that the cause was the stealing of something burning from somewhere else; this act being strictly forbidden, There is no doubt about it, but that was the first "flu". And even the old pagan believed it was a divine visitation, and he rightly saw that the cause was jealousy towards Augustus. But why should the Gods incubate us with another? This it was that puzzled me for a long while and I began to reason somewhat like this. Fire was about the most important thing they could have stolen from heaven and old Prometheus knew that so well that in getting away in a hurry he left the smoke behind him. Now the "gens humana audax omnia perpeti" has been after that smoke ever since. And while the mythical Muses were trying over the Kerry dances together with Jove and others of the jovial Gods, somebody else's offspring, in a wink, made away with that smoke. I wonder who stole that smoke?

FERNAND TERROUX, '21.

Saint Ignatius Loyola Parish

The most recently founded of all the English-speaking parishes of Montreal is that of Saint Ignatius Loyola. It was canonically erected by letters patent of His Grace Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, on June 16th, 1917, and placed under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers. Territorially it includes all of Notre Dame de Grace, west of Madison Avenue, Montreal West and the Municipality of Ville Saint Pierre.

Father Thomas Gorman, S.J., was its first pastor and remained in that capacity until November 30th, 1917, when he went to Sault Ste. Marie to take up parochial duties there. Father Alexander Gagnieur, S.J.,

Father J. Milway Filion, S.J., and Father W. H. Hingston, S.J., Rectors of Loyola College, successively looked after the parish until the 18th of August, 1918, when Father A. Joseph Primeau, S.J. was placed in charge. One of the new pastor's chief desires was to see that every possible facility be given the

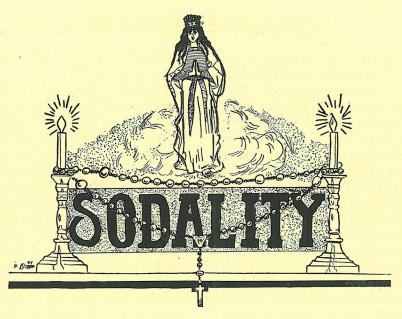
parishioners for the Catholic education of their children. In September last a parochial school, under the direction of the Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal was opened on West Broadway not far from Loyola College. During this first year there has been an average attendance of about forty pupils and much good work has been done.

As yet it has not been considered necessary or advisable to erect a church, as Loyola College has put its chapel at the disposition of the parish. There are four Masses every Sunday and two on week days. As this section of Montreal is bound to develop and

become one of the best quarters of the city, there is not only the hope but even the firm assurance that some day in the not-far-distant future Saint Ignatius will become a large and flourishing parish, where much good will be accomplished for Catholicity and the glory of God.



FR. THOMAS GORMAN, S.J. First Pastor of St. Ignatius Parish



SODALITY OF B. V. M.

Director, Rev. Father Daigneault, S.J.; Prefect, Robert Anglin; 1st Assistant, Henry Smeaton; 2nd Assistant, John Dolan; 1st Councillor, James McGarry; 2nd Councillor, Arthur Chabot; Secretary, Paul Wickham; Sacristan, Antoine Wendling The work of the Sodality goes steadily onward. Though in numbers, perhaps, not as great as in other years, its members are as devoted as ever. This is all the more easily understood seeing that they are being made to understand that the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary is a chosen body, the



ALTAR SOCIETY

elite of the college, who are intended to set the whole college the example of conscientious study and firm but unobtrusive piety. This has ever been the ideal of the Sodality in all Jesuit Colleges, and in the future it has been intended with a larger number of candidates to make admittance to membership stricter The earnestness and the seriousness still. which have characterized the performance of their duties is only on a par with the earnestness with which Father Daigneault drove home his lessons of fidelity and self-sacrifice. In accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father the Pope, the great majority of its members are daily communicants. This custom has naturally extended itself to the rest of the college, and this is indeed a proof that God is blessing and will continue to bless a work that does Him so much honour. Members: Leo. Beaudin, H. Tabb, M. P. Malone, F. R. Terroux, W. P. McVey, W. McGee, H. Decary, J. Hanlon, Tom Walsh, L. Kelly W. Scott, G. Bray, Martin Pye, Gerald Lonnergan, R. E. Anglin, James Hearn, H. Doyle, W. Noonan, J. Wolfe, G. Plunkett, A. Chabot, C. C. Phelan, R. Beaudoin, W. Corbett.

PAUL WICKHAM, '21.

SODALITY OF ST. ALOYSIUS

Moderator Rev. Fr. Rector; Prefect, B. Hammond; 1st Assistant, A. McGovern; 2nd Assistant, E. Lane; Secretary, C. Scott Sacristan, B. Handfield; 1st Councillor, P. Brennan; 2nd Councillor, A. Laverty.

That this sodality is of no small importance is evidenced by the fact that it was the Rector himself who took it under his control this year. It had barely got under way, when the "flu epidemic" broke up its activity so that it did not return to its old working order until late in the year. This, however, gave but fresh impetus to other meetings, and now its members feel they belong to an old Sodality. The requests of others to become members prove how highly they value it. It was their privilege together with the Senior Sodality to have Fr. Provincial talk to them on Saturday, April 27th. He left them with strong sense of their duties towards their Blessed Mother, the importance of the privilege that was theirs and the high standard of conduct that was expected of them.

CUTHBERT SCOTT, '25.

SOPHISTRY

How sweet to lie neath the smiling sky Of a sunny afternoon, And while away a precious day Around the first of June. Exams are near, you sadly fear You're numbered with the lost, But hum a song and carry on And never count the cost. Your duty's plain and once again Your conscience wills what's right, But the grass is green, the sky serene, Temptation wins the fight. Old Jouin's fine in winter-time, Or on a rainy day, And so is Young, but when the sun Calls man and beast to play, Astronomy, Philosophy Are things to leave behind, While laziness, sweet laziness Will recreate the mind.

JOHN WOLFE, '19.

The Root of All Evil

Germany has been described as a land of wonderful discoveries. German brains have unearthed new ideas bearing on every branch of human endeavour from the commercial to the metaphysical, have revolutionized every human agency from a dirigible balloon to a code of ethics. German thinkers are said to have astounded the world by their weird and wonderful creations of the mind. To what extent these marvels actually measure up to their generous claims is a problem not to be settled offhand. But, however favourable or otherwise we may be disposed towards them, it is beyond question that their pretensions are surprisingly strange.

Bearing these facts in mind it will be readily admitted that the strangest, the most astonishing discovery of all was made by a German about the middle of the last century. With the characteristic humility of his race, a German stood up and announced to the world that he had discovered the origin and source of all human evil. It had been reserved for the brilliant intellect of Carl Marx to penetrate the darkness that had baffled the thinkers of every age and to trace back to its primary cause every social and economic trouble afflicting the human race. Far from being content with this achievement, he still persevered in this reckless course of discovery till he eventually brought forth the creation of an entirely new social structure which he purposed to rear to the heavens upon the ashes of a decayed civilization.

They called him the prophet of a new religion. From an insignificant visionary he lived to see his gospel preached to the ends of the earth, to behold credulous millions throng wherever its principles were expounded and to climax his triumph by being proclaimed the rescuer and preserver of society. Though others before him had given to the world some of the main principles of his creed, still the world recognized him as its real father, for he it was who settled it upon the scientific basis from which it was to regenerate mankind and establish upon the earth a paradise of perfection.

"The giant pathfinder of Socialism," as he was dubbed, was a past master in the manipulation of words and unsurpassed in his sensibility of the human passions. With this dangerous faculty he endeavoured to imbue his disciples, for well he knew the powerful use to which it might be put when his purpose demanded. "Proletarians of the world, unite!" was the battle-cry he sounded, and to his standard they flocked in enthusiastic myriads. Every form of oppressed or discontented humanity was there, from the down-trodden slave of the soil to the selfseeking professional agitator, from the ghastly product of the sweat-shop to the lazy idler of the street.

Around their great leader or one of his lieutenants did they surge with gaping mouths to hear the history of their wrongs. The orator could always clothe his thoughts with the expressions best adapted to arouse the desired emotion. Should he care to fire their souls with the rage of burning indignation he would speak of "Capital, dripping from every pore, from head to foot with blood and dirt." This sort of pabulum they eagerly caught at, for it was easily understood, and as they could almost see the lurid words and fiery phrases flash and flame to the accompaniment of the wildest of gesticulations, the flashing of the eye and the waving of the long black hair above the pale, animated face. Would they be human if they did not feel the tide of impulse swelling within them, urging them on to the annihilation of that foul, unclean thing which has wrought such havoc unto them and theirs?

On the other hand, should he desire to produce an entirely different but none the less forcible impression, he would enter into a dissertation on some mystifying or abstract theory such as "the materialistic conception of history" or "value and surplus-value," guiding his awe-struck listeners through the labyrinth of some complicated system of reasoning. He would rave for hours at a time, interspersing his discourse here and there with such rare gems as "dialectic

antithesis" or "elementary hetereogeneousness" until the desired effect was seen forthcoming. Meanwhile the poor befuddled proletarian, who in his normal frame of mind deems it an accomplishment to write his own name, is so astounded by the display of such erudition that he gulps it all down eagerly, and although he knows he can never hope to digest it, he swallows it none the less.

The triumph of the master was complete. From every direction they came to eat out of his hand always regarding him with herald the setting up of a new social fabric and the tearing down of the old.

The great leader having far advanced in years at length passed away, but the lines of battle were closely drawn and the spirit of victory deeply imbibed so that out of the ranks sprang a bevy of leaders, and their standard still fluttered in the breeze.

At length the great opportunity arrived. A great empire which for years had groaned under the oppressor's heel, suddenly found itself destitute of all authority whatever.



FIRST RETREATANTS AT LOYOLA COLLEGE

that attitude of religious veneration which seemed so sadly out of place among individuals whose shibboleth was "Equality.". The grand principles being disseminated broadcast, all that remained was to apply them in practice, to reduce them to some tangible form. Some country must be found where they might be put to the test. Eut, alas! the infamous forces of capitalism hold universal sway. Undaunted by such a drawback, these protectors of humanity wait and, prepare for the day to dawn which is to

From the first, Russian Socialism had never been subjected as in Germany and in other countries to the modifying ordeal of parlimentary procedure. Russians both at home and abroad had always been foremost among the guiding spirits of the movement and even more prominent among the rank and file. Under the leadership of men who emphatically proclaim themselves adherents to the Marxian system, they lay the foundations of the first Socialistic State in history. They formulate a constitution taking for its

basis the fundamental and most celebrated tenets of Marxism. Every preparation is made for the launching of the gigantic design which is to bring about the subversion of the existing social structure and the success or failure of which must necessarily affect the living conditions of millions.

The eyes of all the world are fixed upon Russia. At last the much vaunted theory, the boasted system of economics which had been proclaimed so eloquently and incessantly as the ideal was brought to the bar of mankind for trial and the whole world looked for the outcome with the keenest interest and expectancy.

It did not take long to discern the trend of events under the new regime. Nor was it long before the Russians learnt the salutary but costly lesson that had been taught to the people of France a little over a century previous, namely, that the tyranny of the human passions is incomparably more cruel than that of any despot.

A year passed by and this form of government might at last be judged by its fruits. Russia had cast aside the fetters of the Czars only to forge on their limbs chains that are heavier and more unbearable. She looked

for a reign of peace and plenty but sees only black starvation staring her in the face. Thousands are perishing in hunger. The national resources are in a state of stagnation. The sinews of manufacture are broken and impotent, and the plough lies idle in the fields. Anarchy and destruction hold sway in the cities, and the fiend, war, which they were told was the offspring of capitalism, is brought to their very doors, and the streets run red with blood. Instead of the reign of justice and morality, lawful debts are repudiated and all dealings between men transacted by intrigue and dishonesty. The most sacred of rights are trampled under foot, and institutions which even barbarians hold in respect are desecrated and dishonoured, and all this without any prospect of relief.

Such was the golden era of prosperity and happiness that Socialists had promised. Such was the manner in which they said man was created to live. Such was the ideal state, constructed on ideal principles for the purpose of attaining an ideal end. Verily was the discovery of Karl Marx a wonderful discovery, for Germany was always a land of wonderful discoveries.

CHARLES PHELAN, '19

II GRAMMAR 1918-1919

A Parody on "The Deserted Village"

Dear Second Grammar, haunt of studious youth, Where, wrapt in study, we have grasped the truth; Where Xenophon and Caesar stand in power, And Yenni's grammar fills the passing hour! Abode of Mathematics; home of Greek Among whose coils we strove from week to week, How often have I halted at thy door To look upon that pleasant scene once more! How often have I paused to gaze upon The windows facing on the College lawn The master's desk beside that window placed; The pictures hung with admirable taste The paper-basket filled with crumpled themes; The silver trophies captured by our teams: The crucifix suspended on the wall; The black-board's learned message to us all. How often have I blessed th'approaching morn, When minus home-work I should come, forlorn, To wait, with bated breath, that dreary tune: "A half-an-hour, my boy, this afternoon."

ALEXANDER McGOVERN, '24.

Ireland

A silver star set in the seven seas.

This sea-girt isle confines a rock-bound race,

Stand forth its crags like spires of God in peace,

Deep green its vales, sweeps on the tide apace

And the light of God shone on its waters.

H

Through all the land is strewn the shattered home Of kings. Athwart its golden glens low lays The shadowed power of God, and on to Rome Sweep on its martyred hosts through endless days, And the song of angels hovered o'er its waters.

III

Across the troubled land the hush of God Lay down. And in the west grew up anon The house of holiness, and neath the rod Of pain a chastened calm now followed on And a Sabbath peace came down upon its waters.

IV

O isle of mine, thy peace is all too brief From out the East I see the gathering gale, The ragged rims of thunder on the reef. I hear the low moan of the tempest's wail And deepening darkness troubles all thy waters.

V

Is this the third and closing hour of thy Gethsemane? No ministering angels bind Thy broken limbs nor all amazed stand nigh To soothe thy heated brow—when falls the wind Shall Christ come walking o'er thy waters?

JAMES HEARN, '22.

Essay on Journalism

Being asked to write for the "Review", I at once began to cast about for a subject suitable alike to the interest of the reader, the dignity of the "Review" and my own limited abilities as a writer. After considerable deep thought and several false starts I was finally struck with the idea of of giving to the world, or at any rate to that part of it that reads the "Review," the story of the development of journalism at Loyola as I have known it.

In discussing the history of all great evolutions, it is customary for the purpose of convenience to divide them into periods. This course I have adopted with my present subject, dividing Loyola journalism into the following:

- 1. The Dim or Unknown Period.
- 2. The Ancient or Little-known Period, sometimes called the Period of the Forum.
 - 3. The Period of Suppression.
 - 4. The Guerilla Period.

The Dim or Unknown Period admits of little or no discussion by the present writer though there are men who might, if pressed, be able to throw some light on it. We may, however, give an approximate date.

Roughly, this period dates from the founding of the College in 1896, down to the year 1905. Nothing whatever is known to the present students nor recent graduates regarding the journalistic upheavals of Loyola during this space of sixteen years. Diligent search throughout the different strata of dusty papers which have accumulated since the beginning of the college fails to reveal a single trace of prehistoric journals. We can but theorize.

It seems reasonable to assume that during this period journalistic productions of some kind must have existed, since history proves, and experience shows that whenever a considerable body of youths and young men gather together in an institution of higher learning such productions, however modest, are always forthcoming.

All that can be said is that every school of thought among students admits that such

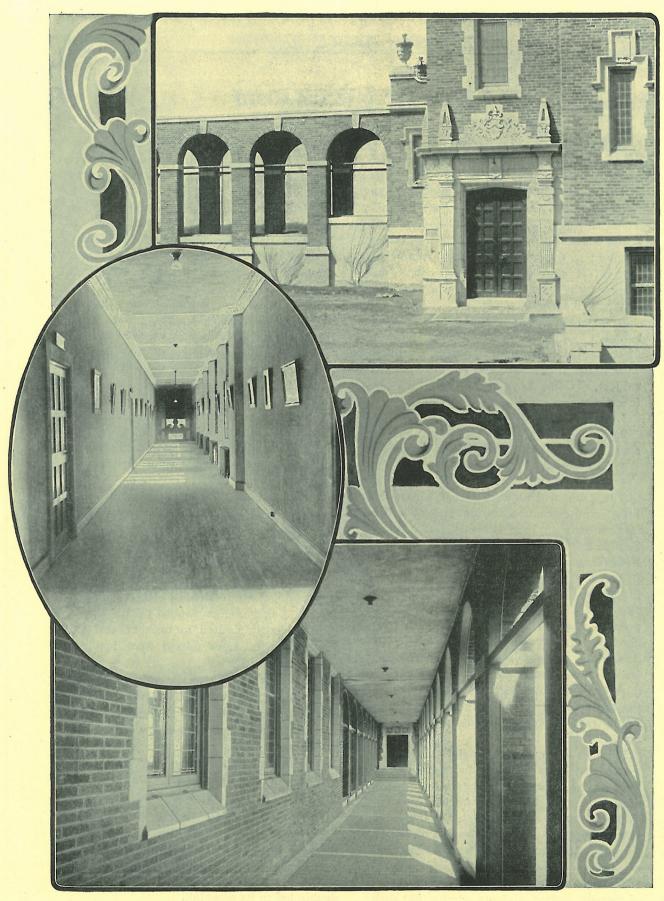
a period must have existed in Loyola journalism. No school of philosophy has ever sought to deny it. And there the matter must rest. The Second Great Period is much more interesting. This is styled "The Ancient or Little-known Period," and is sometimes called "the Period of the Forum" taking the title from a journal of that name, which sprang up and flourished with considerable success throughout this era.

During this time, journalistic activity increased immensely. It was replete with development. In a manner of speaking, the markings of the stone hatchet may be said to have given way to the more intelligent use of fire to char writings in skins. The watchword was "Advance" and some remnants of the period's progress remain to us in the form of well authenticated tales, and in the more solid form of copies, time worn but legible, of a paper known as The Forum, a product of the age.

These copies, which are extremely rare, supply us with the first tangible evidence of the journalistic activities of our predecessors.

They are extremely quaint productions exhibiting marked ability at times. Printing was evidently little known, for the outer covers only are adorned with type, the interior being mimeographed. The copies were evidently limited in number, and no doubt were in cases passed from hand to hand.

To present readers of the "Review," this may appear a crude method, but it should not be forgotten that, out of similar productions, the present "Review" was evolved. The Forum merits praise, as a step in the right direction, taken under great difficulties, and coming to a sad end. "The Freedom of the press" was not known at Loyola in these days. Thus, the Forum being a semi-recognized paper, was brought out under the watchful eye of a censor, whose business it was to see that nothing of a derogatory nature appeared in its columns. This censorship led to its downfall.



VIEWS OF THE COLLEGE

After a successful use of some considerable time, the Forum began to feel the attentions of the censor most irksome. Articles were cut or bound to such an extent, that a definite step was finally taken against the enemy. The editors burned their bridges behind them. They brought out a number in defiance of the censor. The result was meteoric but fatal.

Of course, the inevitable happened. The Forum had defied the lightning and the lightning struck, whereupon the Forum simply ceased to be. It was suppressed about 1907 or 1908. The suppression dealt a death-blow to journalistic activity for some time, or the college might have had its "Review" years sooner.

The present "Review" has nothing to do with this period. It is absolutely independent of the Forum, springing out of the next period or Guerilla Period. Journalism was wiped out with the Forum, and in the following period an absolutely new and aggressive school sprang up after a long and hard fought battle, which was the founder of the "Review" as well as its predecessor.

The Ancient Period being thus brought to a sharp close, finds the torch of Loyola journalism hurled to the ground where it smoulders, smokes and dies.

What I have termed "The Period of Suppression" now commenced. It extended from 1908 to 1912. During these years, journalism was not only frowned upon at the college, it was absolutely discouraged.

The memory of The Forum still rankled with the faculty, the memory of the Forum's suppression rankled with its former producers, who included all of journalistic inclination and initiative. The net result was that the faculty did not wish these geniuses to produce papers, and the geniuses for their part no longer cared to produce them as an outcome of the recent fiasco. Instead they focused their tremendous talent and energy upon the production of plays and shows to grace such important occasions as the feast of St. Catherine and the eve of the Christmas holidays.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the old journalism should disappear and become more or less forgotten. A college paper was never thought of. The ban was never lifted. During these four years, many pages were written in the history of the college, but none in the history of our college journalism.

Our opponents of the writer, who may claim that no ban in journalism ever existed, will be refuted in our discussion of the next period when we will show how several suppressions were effected under the old law.

The ban placed in journalism at the time of the Forum affair was very real indeed and was never lifted until consent to publish the first "Review" was obtained in 1914.

This period holds little of interest to the reader. It was naturally a dead era in the history of journalism, and no more need be said here regarding it, apart from noting the fact that the tremendous flow of genius diverted from journalistic channels served to turn the wheels that produced some of the most astounding and thrilling theatrical spectacles that ever graced the college stage.

The succeeding period is particularly of interest in these days when we are thrilled with revelation after revelation of the dark and devilish plots and intrigue that recently surrounded us on every side. Although called The Guerilla Period, it might as aptly be termed The History of Secret Journalism at Loyola. The revelations about to be made will be as much of a surprise to the present faculty as they are to the reader, since these events which took place during a different regime, have been kept secret up to date in the interests of Law and Order. But many are the friends of the writer upon whom he can call to substantiate his tale of those stirring times.

The Fourth or Guerilla Period is probably the most interesting of the five. Indeed it merits an article all to itself.

Guerilla, a word of Spanish origin, is defined as "one of an irregular force engaged in harassing an enemy in small bands". Used adjectively it means "pertaining to irregular warfare".

The Period 1912 to 1914 is, therefore, well named The Guerilla Period. About this time an irregular force consisting of small bands was certainly carrying on irregular warfare in the journalistic field of

Loyola. The irregular bands were the contributors to certain outlaw journals headed by the editors. The "enemy" which they harassed was mainly the faculty of the College, though they were not at all above engaging in wordy battle among themselves when occasion presented itself. Of course, all the operations of composing, writing, and distributing these papers were carried out with the greatest secrecy. So successfully, in fact, did the papers succeed in taking cover while operating in the midst of their enemies that they ran for two years without being discovered.

The publication which fired the first gun in the Guerilla period was a journal rejoicing in the euphemistic title of "The Weekly War-Whoop". The writer of this article it was who, urged by a more or less inherited taste for journalism that was bound to find vent somewhere, defying law and order, brought out the first copy of the first paper since the suppression of the Forum. Written entirely by hand in long foolscap and completely written by the one man, it was a wonderful and weird production. Intended for private circulation among the writer's intimates only it went even farther, and excited sufficient interest and enough favourable comment to encourage him to continue. Several at once volunteered to aid in the production of all future issues, and their assistance was gladly accepted.

The chief object of the War-Whoop, as laid down clearly in the first number, was to prepare the ground and agitate for a lasting and officially recognized publication worthy of the college. It aimed to revive, or rather to resurrect, the art of journalism.

It was evident that this could be done only by exciting tremendous interest in a small field, gradually extending it farther and farther till the whole student body should be permeated with it to a sufficient extent to influence the faculty when the time for the asking permission to found a college magazine should be ripe.

The best way to excite this interest and to keep it from waning seemed to be by using sensational means. The first move was the title. A War-whoop seemed eminently desirable. It was sufficiently startling as well

as subtly suggestive. Other names suggested themselves of course. "Wolf-Howl" and "Battle-Cry" were the two that received deep consideration.

"Wolf-Howl" was discarded on the grounds that a wolf may howl when hard hit as well as when hunting for blood.

"Battle-cry" seemed more appropriate since a battle cry is given only when an army is about to swoop down and destroy the enemy. But "Battle-Cry" although it suggested the war about to be waged between the forces of the press and faculty of Loyola College, was not sufficiently unrelenting. It suggested an element of civilization, the Great War not having at the time started. Something more ruthless was desired.

"The War-Whoop" was passed with enthusiasm. It suggested such splendid possibilities of savage warfare, scalping, burning at the stake, and so on. And it had a certain nerve and rush, a snap that the other titles missed. And it was sufficiently novel and suggestive to command attention.

The paper lived up to its name. It was scathing in its denunciation of a governing body that, not satisfied with limiting the powers of the press, had even sought to destroy it. All articles and editorials were decidedly inflammatory in tone. Any one of them would have been quite sufficient to have the paper suppressed on sight, and several might even have had their authors as well as the editor summarily dismissed from the college.

Of course not a quarter of what was said was really meant. It was really a species of game in which one writer tried to outdo another in red-hot, and if possible, witty, denunciation, thereby gaining a certain facility with the pen and a growing desire for a regular college paper in which to show off his powers.

It is quite likely that by this time consent to publish class papers might have been obtained, but it was never applied for. In the first place because the time to ask for a paper worthy of the college had not yet arrived; and in the second because to obtain consent of the faculty would have done away with the interesting elements of secrecy and danger which attended writing for an un-

authorized and free-spoken journal, as well as limiting the extent to which such a journal might go in libelling the faculty.

Therefore the War-Whoop was never seen save by those of the inner-shrine of the journalists, among whom it attained its end. It excited great enthusiasm and interest in a college publication. And thus the first step was well taken when the War-Whoop ceased operations in 1913.

Early in 1914 a new and more pretentious journal burst into full bloom under the same management. It was high time that the field of operations should be extended beyond the inner shrine if any real good was to be done. Therefore the Daily Penwiper came into existence.

The Pen-Wiper was a far less dangerous paper to edit and to contribute to than the War-Whoop. Its very title gives one an idea of the change. Whereas the War-Whoop had resembled a sledge hammer in its blows and a Bolshevik convention in its principles, the Pen Wiper favoured the delicate touch and adopted a policy of satirical toleration to such portion of mankind as might differ with its views. It went farther afield than the War-Whoop and enjoyed the greatest popularity in its sphere. It attracted many contributors, for it was ever ready to uphold any cause of general interest. It was well written and almost moderate in its tone. In time it might even have aspired to the high dignity of official sanction and actual print. But this was not to be. Fate had decreed otherwise, and misfortune perched early on its banners. Its career was brilliant but shortlived.

Possibly five or six telling numbers had been given to an appreciative circle of readers and it seemed as though the paper must be a marvellous success when the crash came.

Intended, as its predecessor was, for careful circulation among the students only, it travelled too far. A copy, a particularly critical and satirical copy, fell into alien hands and attracted most undesirable official notice. In general the copy might have passed muster and the publication been permitted to continue its career with certain restrictions. But, alas! it contained a leading article. In its way the article was

beautiful and inspired, but it was also fatal.

This article, a satirical disparagement of the ancient and honourable custom of Jug on half-holidays, could not lightly be passed over. It struck at the very root and foundations of the Loyola penal system, it endangered law and order by suggesting several methods of escaping the decrees of the court. It was illustrated. It contained good prose. It contained better poetry. But worst of all, most fatal of all, it contained personalities. The faculty arose in its wrath and spoke harsh words. It signified its disapproval, its detestation, its abhorrence of the Pen Wiper and all therewith connected. It spoke long and earnestly. Pathos, anger, sarcasm and determination all entered into its speech. Finally, in a magnificent and ringing climax, it decreed that the offensive, the odious Pen Wiper should be suppressed.

If the crash that terminated the existence of the Pen Wiper was terrible, the investigation that followed was scarcely less, as it revealed many things.

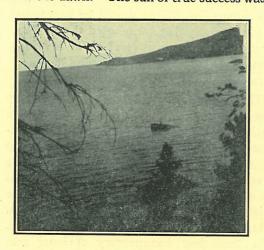
The former existence of the War Whoop was laid bare, but luckily no copies were forthcoming as documentary evidence. Likewise the former existence of a powerful rival of the War Whoop was disclosed. The Weekly Ink Slasher, a publication detrimental to all law and order, was proved to have existed under the guidance of Mr. J. D. King, at the same time as the War Whoop. The fact that documentary evidence was lacking in this case also no doubt saved many heads, as the Ink Slasher's character was shown to have been scarcely less Bolshevik than that of the War Whoop.

The climax of the investigation, however, was the uncovering of the Daily Pen Pusher contemporary of the Penwiper and similar to it in principle and voice. This left the court speechless. The delinquents were led forth that a meeting in council might be held wherein their cases should be considered and sentence pronounced.

Twenty-four hours later the decisions of the court was handed down. It consisted of a Decree Absolute, wherein was forbidden, with penalties stated, any further publication, either under their former titles or under any other of the War Whoop, The Ink Slasher, The Penwiper and The Pen Pusher, or of any other journal, magazine, or pamphlet whatsoever, without official consent.

Seizing advantage of the final clause, an appeal for permission to carry on the Penwiper under a more dignified name and the supervision of a censor, was at once entered. It was immediately thrown out of court accompanied by an injunction to turn over to that tribunal forthwith under the penalties, all existing copies, all articles, and all cartoons in course of preparation for future numbers. These were confiscated and destroyed.

The days that followed were among the darkest in the annals of Loyola journalism. But nearly every worthy cause has had its martyrs and the darkest hour ever comes before the dawn. The sun of true success was



about to tip the hills with its radiant glory. Journalism in the real sense, with all its attendant activities, allied trades, and consequent by-products was about to descend upon Loyola.

The ex-editor and producer of the War Whoop and the Penwiper, having once seen red blood spilled in the lists of journalism could ill tolerate an enforced and odious inactivity in this direction. Allowing a decent interval of some months, employed in plans and dreams, to pass, he cast about him and gathered in certain comrades and brothers-in-arms whose tastes and character followed a bent similar to his own.

These included Mr. J. D. King, erstwhile editor of the Pen Pusher, Mr. Francis Smith, at present in the Jesuit noviate at Guelph,

Mr. Eugene Chabot, also at Guelph, and Mr. S. McDonald, a one time enthusiastic contributor to the War Whoop.

These gentlemen being assembled in solemn conclave, the deposed editor of the Penwiper set forth his plans and ideals. After thorough discussion these were accepted with some slight modifications, due to the fact that many heads proved better than one.

The next move was made without any loss of time. A deputation at once attended the Powers of the college to voice a request that permission be granted and immediate steps taken to produce a paper worthy of the college. The idea met with some objections at first, but these were soon overcome. The latent journalistic ability among the students was pointed out, parallels were drawn with other schools and colleges which ran successful papers, under greater difficulties than would be experienced at Loyola, the rough plan formulated by the few students mentioned above was explained, and after the first slight hesitation the faculty granted permission and promised assistance.

Thereafter it was merely a matter of hard work to get the Review started, material had to be produced by the students, advertising had to be solicited, printers and estimates had to be obtained, and a thousand and one small details had to be attended to. But all in due time the first copy of the Review made its appearance. It was well written, well gotten up, represented every class and interest in the college, looked witty, delighted everyone and in those less expensive days not only paid for itself but even left a nice balance to carry on with. In fine the Review was a success.

Thus, the Golden Age of Loyola journalism may be said to have dawned. It is the present one. The "Review" is now an established success.

But we of the past cannot recall without a smile, and perhaps a sigh, too, those good old days when journalism was a deadly occupation, and never can we forget those frivolous but hard-hitting journals, The War-Whoop, The Ink Slasher, The Penwiper, and The Pen-Pusher, brought out and distributed under the very guns of the enemy.

JOHN M. COUGHLIN, B.A., '16.

The Loyola Old Boys' Association

The Loyola Old Boys' Association has not been active at all times; that its members are capable of great enthusiasm and arduous service when apportunity offers has been recently established. The prominent part taken by the Old Boys in the recent drive indicates that they are keenly interested in the well-being of Loyola College.

If the men who have been trained at Loyola College believe in themselves and in the institution that formed them they must wish the College buildings to be increased in size and number, the College curriculum extended and the College teaching staff strengthened in order that greater numbers may enjoy the benefits of a College education.

To this growth and expansion co-operation between the College authorities and the laity is necessary. Recently an appeal for funds was made to the laity—the response was generous. The English-speaking Catholic population as a whole, by the endowment of three hundred thousand dollars bestowed upon Loyola College this spring has placed us, the direct beneficiaries of the teaching and solicitude of the College, under obligations both to the College and its friends.



PRELIMINARY MEETING OF ALUMNI BEFORE DRIVE

The educational work at Loyola College is carried on by men who have put aside all ambition for ease, wealth or station and who have given their energy, talent, and time to the betterment of other men. They ask no other return for their labour than an opportunity to carry their work to greater numbers. Unassisted they have striven for thirty years in the City of Montreal. Motives of gratitude, respect and even patriotism should prompt the LOYOLA OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION to help them. It is true that all of the graduates are not yet sufficiently well established in life to make large donations of money, but at least they can bring to the cause of higher Catholic education a full measure of sympathy and encouragement. Those who have participated in the recent campaign know the value of assistance of this kind, with it nothing is impossible. The initiative should be taken by the OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION; definite plans for

the expansion and development of the College should be decided upon; means of carrying out the plans should be devised, quarterly meetings held and a closer relationship between the Members of the Association and the Fathers of the College established and maintained. In this way the work of the College will become better known, better appreciated and better supported, with the result that the number of men fit for the responsible positions in the country will be increased. In these days when the stability of all our institutions is threatened Christian and Catholic education is the only bulwark against the rising flood of Socialism, Bolsehvism and impiety.

odi histitutions is tineatened Christian and Cathone education is the only bulwark against the rising flood of Socialism, Bolsehvism and impiety.

If the Loyola Old Boys' Association can assist even in a small way in developing Loyola College and in bringing it in the fulness of time to the status of a University it will have participated in a truly great and patriotic work.

In 1921 will be celebrated the 25th anniversary of the founding of Loyola College. It will be made the occasion of a great rally of all Loyola men—plans for the success of this gathering are already being madethe days of the somnolence of this association are over. Henceforth, the Loyola Old Boys intend to keep pace with the times. Montreal has shown her pride in

> McArthur, Donald McGee, Francis McGoldrick, John McGovern, Arthur

Loyola. May the Loyola Old Boys' Association make Loyola proud of her Old Boys.

JOHN HACKETT, B.L., B.C.L. President of Loyola Old Boys' Association.

Vidal, Maurice Walsh, John

Wilkins, John

Montreal, May 31st, 1919.



Solemn Requiem Mass

For Deceased Members of the Staff and Students of Loyola College in the Chapel Friday, November 29, 1918, at 8.30 o'clock

"Blesssed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Loyola College Dead

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J. Rev. John Coffee, S.J. Rev. John Connolly, S.J. Rev. OwenBernard Devlin Rev. William Doherty, S. Rev. Denis Dumesnil, S. Rev. John Forhan, S.J. Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	. Sept. 26, 1916 f. Nov. 16, 1911 n,S.J. June 4, 1915 S.J. March 3, 1907 J. May 5, 1918 . Aug. 11, 1916	Rev. Benjamin Hazeltor Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J Rev. Arthur E. Jones, Rev. George Kenny, S. Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, Rev. Eugene Schmidt, Rev. Lactance Sigouin,	C Oct. 4, 1913 S.J. Jan. 19, 1918 J Sept. 26, 1912 S.J. Feb. 19, 1901 S.J. June 6, 1907 S.J. May 21, 1904 S.J. March 29, 1898
Rev. Auguste Girard, S.		Rev. Adrien Turgeon,	
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.		Mr. Francis Coll, S.J.	. Jan. 12, 1900
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June 6, 1905	Bro. George Brown, S.	
Rev. 1 etc. 1 min, big.	· June 0, 1903	Mr. Cuthbert Udall	July 5, 1911
Acton, William Armstrong, Lawrence Barbeau, Lawrence Barnston, Stuart Baxter, Quigg Blanchard, George Bonin, Rene Brady, Terence Brown, Henry Burke, Jack L. Butler, Herbert Macdonald, Fraser Maguire, Francis Marson, Robert	McKenna, Adrian McKenna, Francis McNamee, Francis McNamee, Francis Cagney, Clarence Carrier, Charles Caveny, Martin Chevalier, Jacques Cloran, Edward Condon, Leo Conroy, Emmet Daly, George Dissette, Arthur Dissette, Francis Domville, J. de Beaujeu	Hooper, James Howe, John Hudson, Stanton Johnson, Melvin Kavanagh, Joseph Keyes, Michael Lafontaine, Charles Le Boutillier, Leo Lemieux, Rodolphe Milloy, Francis Monk, Henry Morgan, Henry Nagle, Gregory	Perodeau, Charles Plunkett, Edward Poupore, Leo Rainboth, Ernest Rolland, Wilfred Rousseau, Henry Ryan, Francis Shallow, Arthur Shallow, John Shortall, Leo Smith, Arthur Smith, Charles F. Tate, Louis
Marson, Walter	Doran, Francis	O'Brien, Richard	Varennes (de) Henri
McArthur, Donald	Farley, Howard	Owens, Sargent	
McGee, Francis	Farrell, Edward	Page, Severin	Vidal, Maurice
McGoldrick, John	Grant Tames	Palardy Guy	Walsh, John

Requiescat in Bace

Grant, James Hingston, Basil Palardy, Guy Pearson, Chisholm

Diary



1918 GRADUATE CLASS

Sept. 11—Come early and avoid the rush. And they did, every place filled to capacity. Almost everybody on time except "Irish," of course, whose great-greatgodmother was suffering from the mumps.

Sept. 12 — Mass of the Holy Ghost celebrated by Rev. Father Rector, after which we were introduced to class. Mutual embrace.

Sept. 18—All statements regarding the reported abolition of the "Jug" proved false. Laying of the stone of the S.S.

Sept. 22-Old boys invited out and beaten in a game of rugby.

Sept. 23-R.M.C. class resumed.

Oct. 5-Philosophy classes begin. Four prospectives put in an appearance, all the others signed up with Johnny Canuck, send their sympathies.

Oct. 8—The "powers that be" decide to isolate the college owing to the prevalence of the flu in Mont-Class for boarders continues as usual, the daystudents being given a correspondence course in the meantime.

Oct. 23—During the isolation period each class prepared an entertainment. To-night was Humanities' night and the Humanitarians presented theirs before a diminutive but appreciative audience. Various estimates given of the orchestra.

Oct. 25—Prep class give their "specimen" covering themselves with glory thereby. It was announced to-night that owing to the epidemic the college would be closed temporarily. The boys happy notwithstanding. It's a bad wind that does not blow somebody good.

Oct. 26—All depart in high spirits, with the question "when shall we meet again" on their lips. The "flu" shows no signs of abating and if old "Jupiter Pluvius" cannot be persuaded to put up his watering can it may continue until Christmas.

Nov. 8—False alarm of peace. City in an uproar.

Nov. 18-Back again. The philosophers who had been released from military service grace the second opening by their presence. All hard at it to make up for lost time. We have about one hundred and twenty boarders now. The Arts' course, ejected from the infirmary are finally told to hang their mandolins in rhetoric classroom. Meanwhile their class is to be held in the Administration Building.

Nov. 24—A new movie machine bought by donations from the boys, makes its debut. Nobody demanded his money back so it must be a success.

Nov. 25—Feast of St. Catherine. philosophers, though unable to stage a play, celebrate in a fitting manner.

Nov. 29th—Annual Solemn Requiem for the deceased of the college is sung by Father Rector. Seventeen new names on our list of dead. Archbishop McNeil, of Toronto, pays us a visit.

Dec. 1—12.30 a.m. What? a thunderstorm this season of the year? No, it is only the grand finale of a debate down in Number Four. Students have their first skate at the Coliseum. Some of the new boys look like possible candidates for the hockey teams.

Dec. 8-Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Dec. 11—College rink ready for the season Great enthusiasm in the first turnout.

Dec. 14—The bazaar given by the Catholie Girls'Club was attended by many of the students. "Barney" gets a teddy bear, "Dezzie" beats the wheel of fortune, and the rest walk back to Loyola.

Dec. 15—Catholic Social Guild meet at the College.

Dec. 18-Father de la Peza, S.J., comes from the Immaculate Conception Scholasticate to teach Philosophy.

Dec. 23—Christmas vacations, shortened on account of the time lost by the "flu," finally arrive. With hree hearty cheers we say good-bye to class for one whole week. Somebody suggested changing the time of vacations from New Year's to Christmas, instead of from Christmas (o New Year's, but after the consideration the proposal was rejected. mature consideration the proposal was rejected.

Jan. 3—Everybody on time. Suitcases crammed with eats, new ties, and fancy socks.

Jan. 6—Seniors open the hockey by winning from McGill in an exciting game, 4-3.

Jan. 8th—Retreat begins. Father Casey who preached it asked for silence and got it, though it was hard.

Jan. 9-Loyola minus their rooters club were beaten by Vickers.

Jan. 11—Retreat ended by a general Communion followed by a family breakfast.

Jan. 18—Juniors lost an overtime game to Mel-lle. 'Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all.

Jan. 20—Match with M.A.A.A., an easy victory for our seniors.

Jan. 22-Weird sounds heard near the music room. Rumour saith it is a new mandoln club. We thought the war was over.

Jan. 23—Seniors lose again to Victorias. Heavy

going(?) was perhaps the cause.

Jan. 25—Juniors defeat McGill II.

Jan. 28—In an "age before beauty" affair, Second Grammar lose to Phils.

Jan. 29—Juniors play Catholic High and win.

Jan. 30—A regular bee-hive silence in the study hall. A funeral? No. Orals to-morrow.

Jan. 31—With the professors from the Immaculate

Conception as judges each one renders an account of his stewardship. When it was all over we went to see our seniors lose to McGill. It was a hard game to lose.

Feb. 1—Examinations results read by Father Rector. All in a generous moment resolve to do better during the coming term, even "Barney Brains"

who got first-class honours.

Feb. 2—"Dulce est desipere in loco," but not when you have to play a hockey game in the immediate future. Queens, Waltons and M.A.A.A. all help to beat our Juniors, 5-2.

Feb. 3rd—First Grammer start the second term by defeating Phils. thereby getting a good hold on the Inter-class shield.

Feb. 13th—Thirteen is evidently not our lucky number. We lost the best game of the year to Vickers by a score of 6-4.

February 15th—Full many a fathom underlies our rink after last night's snowfall. Snowshoers, however, rejoice. Seniors had no trouble defeating M.A.A.A. but the Juniors lost to Melville and are practically out of the race for the Deering Cup.

February 18th—Physical training begins preparatory to the formation of a C.O.T.C. and a Cadet Corps. Regimental Sergt-Major McClements, late of the 73rd Bn. R.H.C., a veteran of many campaigns in our capable and withal popular instructor.

February 19th—Philosophy remain in the running for the shield by defeating II. Grammar in an exciting contest.

February 22nd—Washington's birthday, fittingly celebrated by the Americans. Who was president of the United States before George Washington? Chorus: Joe. Hanlon.

March 5th—The lenten spirit is already in evidence, especially among those who resolved to abstain from smoking.

March 14th—City and local talent give a very enjoyable concert in honour of St. Patrick at which large numbers of friends and relatives were present.

March 16th—All go to see the St. Patrick's parade.

March 17th—St. Patrick's Day. A fitting occasion for the raising of the Service Flag in honour of the 287 who had enlisted and the 35 who made the supreme sacrifice for King and Country. (An account of this ceremony is given elsewhere.)

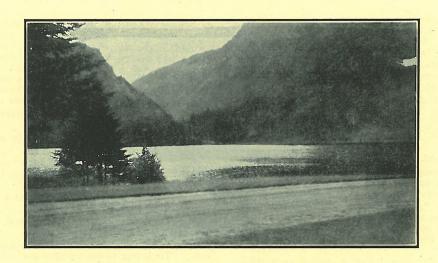
March 19th—Feast of St. Joseph, from whom we expect much assistance in our coming drive.

March 23rd—Annual snowshoe contests. The shield is won by Humanities.

March 25th—C.O.T.C. formed. Mr. Black from Ottawa gives an interesting lecture on Forestry.

March 27th—A half-holiday is given us as recompense for what we missed on St. Patrick's Day.

March 28th—Display of Belgian war trophies on exhibition at the college by Prof. A. J. de Bray.



February 24th—Shane Leslie, noted Irish patriot and literateur, pays us a visit and gives us a short talk in the study hall.

February 26th—Announcement was made that Loyola would soon launch a campaign for \$300,000.

February 27th—Seniors play an exhibition game with McGill for the benefit of the Salvation Army.

February 28th—A statue of St. Roch was solemnly installed in the College Chapel. To him we owe the fact that the "flu" never gained a foothold in Loyola.

March 1st—A person of canine extraction arrived at the college, presumably for a course in doggerel, but after a week's sitting under Brother Rowell he mysteriously disappeared. Stories as to his probable fate swallowed by the younger fry. Many have made up their minds to become vegetarians for at least a week.

March 3rd—Archbishop McNeil addressed the school of Sociology at a banquet given in the college refectory. The college orchestra after rendering two selections are forced to retire to study. From the sublime to the ridiculous.

March 4th—Shrove Tuesday. A full holiday, followed by a banquet and the movies.

April 1st—Birthday greetings showered on everyone. _
The fools had a big day of it.

April 2nd—Entire student body out for snowshoe tramp.

April 4th—Reading of monthly notes and an appeal by Father Rector for prayers to ensure the success of our coming campaign.

April 6th—It was decided to stage Pinafore this year and each one had his voice tested and graded, the grades being good, bad and unbearable.

April 7th—Heaviest snowfall of the year. Spring training interrupted.

April 10th—Bishop LeBlanc of St. John pays us a visit.

April 14th—Cadets' drill outside for the first time. Father Provincial begins his annual visitation.

April 16th, 17th, 18th—Ceremonies of Holy Week carried out with all due solemnity. Tenebrae each evening, and visit of the seven churches on Holy Thursday. Many went to Congress Hall to see the Passion Play.

April 19th—Holy Saturday. After the ceremonies there was a general exodus, those living near Montreal going home for Easter.

April 20th—Easter Sunday. Special singing by a ladies' choir and a sermon by Father Reid.

April 22nd—Holidays end. During the C.O.T.C. turnout volunteers were called for to drill the cadets.

April 23rd—Loyola Campaign began to-day. It is to last for ten days. During the campaign special prayers are to be said to St. Joseph.

April 25th—First report of the campaign committee gives us \$81,000.

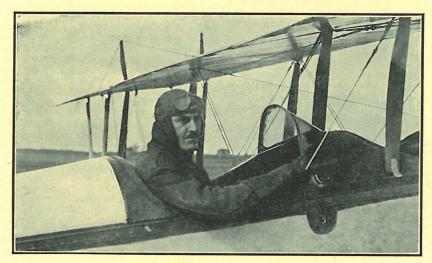
April 30th—The total subscribed so far is \$283,000, and it was decided to continue the drive until next Wednesday.

May 1st—This morning Bishop O'Brien, of Peterboro, administered Confirmation in the College Chapel. He remained for dinner and exempted us from one hour's class during which the first Intermediate League game was played between Rudiments and III Grammer. In the evening, May devotions began.

May 24th—The erection of a memorial to the dead soldiers of Notre Dame de Grace in the Notre Dame de

May 24th—The erection of a memorial to the dead soldiers of Notre Dame de Grace in the Notre Dame de Grace Park. Rev. Fr. Rector was invited to speak. After the ceremony the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, and many of the principal guests had dinner at the College.

W. McGEE, '21.



PHIL McKENNA, R.A.F

Raising of the Service Flag

On the 17th of March, 1919, there was no small stir in the New Loyola. Had it been an annual commemoration there would be reason enough to feel especially elated, but when the occasion was one unrecorded in her almost quarter of a century of existence, and one that she will perhaps not witness in many years to come, there one that she will perhaps not witness in many years to come, there was justification for the unusual excitement. The raising of a service flag may have seemed rather late, but at all events, no time so close in the wake of peace could have enabled her best to gage the full measure of work done by her sons. She had, indeed, followed them with a very lively interest throughout the whole war and was proud of their splendid achievements. Now it was timely to recognize the work done, and the work of 287 stalwart men is no small work for the country they live and the principles for which they fight. And

love and the principles for which they fight. And none had done that work as well as the 34 who gave all they had in the endeavour to prove their earnestness and our pride can never be so great as to eliminate the regret that we must feel for so irreparable a loss. The ceremony of raising the flag in their honour was entrusted to Major-General Wilson, C.M.G., and was a solemn one for all, but to none more than those of the spectators whose sons and brothers were among

The spirit of the gathering could be seen in the griefladen words of the speakers and the quiet gravity of Sadness was the key-note of the audience. speeches and sympathy was expressed to the relatives of those who had died serving. They were reminded that there was an assuagement to every grief and that no mother was more bereaved than She whose Son died for a people who despised Him and for a cause that even His friends could not understand. Their imitation after all was but an inadequate one, for no other's death was like to the death of her Son, as no sorrow was like to her sorrow, but yet it afforded solace to grieved feelings inasmuch that, like Him, they had laid down their lives in the fulfilment of a purpose.

The atmosphere of grief was, however, in a measure relieved as each speaker referred to the pride all should feel in those whose duty had been so well done. exploits of Loyola's past boys were recalled, commented upon and finally a question asked and answered.

The audience saw a vision of young men, well edu-

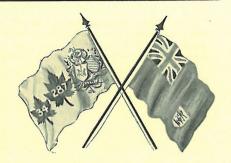
cated, with excellent prospects and with every enticement to continue in an ease and comfort that personal effort had won for them, go forth to battle in their country's quarrel. It was a jolt to their ambitious purposes, and a plain renouncement of self comfort, yet away they marched at the head or in the rank and yet away they marched at the head or in the rank and file to play their part in the great struggle. The courage of these men formed the inspiring theme of Judge Dowd's address, General Wilson referred to the number of decorations won by Loyola boys, Father Hingston spoke of the sacrifices they made. But they were one in assigning the reasons of this heroic purpose. Without asking the question: "Why did they do it?" they agreed in this that they had acted under a sense of duty that was a part of their formation. It was in part this formation, too, that enabled them to discern the righteousness of a cause to which they were to give their heart's blood and to form the deterwere to give their heart's blood and to form the determination to abide by it. In their youth their characters were formed as befitted men of high principle and in the hour of bitter trial they did not fail.

Reverend Father Filion went further and inquired why it was that they were able to endure so much in defense of their principles. The answer was ever the same. It is but the result of sound training that men should realize the source and value of authority, hence, once this is realized, the irksomeness of military discipline is mitigated and high purpose and heroic resclve constitute the equipment of the Catholic soldier.

Knowing the relative value of human affairs life was cheap to be spent in defense of a principle.

The audience stood while the list of the dead was

being read. It was a solemn and touching scene and



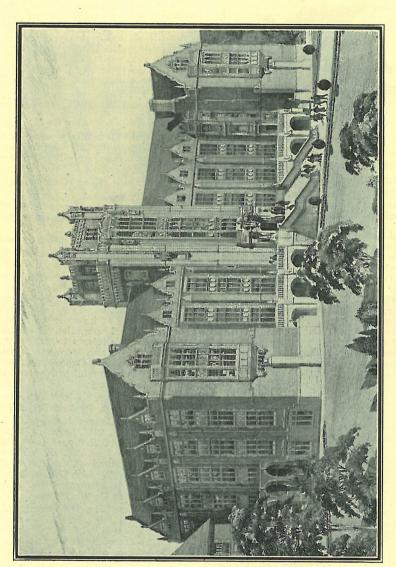
tears were in the eyes of many. Vocal selections were rendered by Messrs. T. L. Hogan, C. V. McCullough and L. Kelly. Afterwards the formal raising of the Service Flag by General Wilson took place. Owing to bad weather it was impossible to hoist the flag from the ground, but arrangements were made whereby the flag could be unfurled, while the guests watched the ceremony from the cloisters. The band played "O Canada" and "God Save the King" during which civilians stood bareheaded and men in uniform saluted.

This ended the formal ceremony. Immediately afterwards the guests assembled for tea served by the V,A.D.'s of the Knights of Columbus Hut.

Among those present were many past students who had lately returned from overseas. Their Alma Mater would have been pleased could they all have been present to witness how proud she was of their splendid achievement. achievements. It is a hope, not a forlorn hope, that some day in the near future such a gathering will take place as auspicious as this, perhaps, and as jubilant

and congenial. After the impressive ceremony of the raising of the Eileen Prendergast, Miss Asselin, Miss Macauley, Miss B. Taschereau, Miss Mary Amos, Miss Rose Smith, Miss Dowling, Miss E. Kinsella, Miss Grace, Miss D. Smith, Miss Dorothy Page, Miss Doyle, Miss Pauze and Miss N. Wickham. Among those present were Lady Hingston, Lady Shaughnessy, the Hon. Marguerite Shaughnessy, Sir Campbell Stuart, Mrs. Donald Hingston, Mrs. Basil Hingston, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Clarence Smith, Mrs. Charles Smith, Miss M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Rolph, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Corcoran, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. O'Brien, Mrs. A. S. Whitney, Dr. Walter Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Eileen Prendergast, Miss Asselin, Miss Macauley, Mrs. A. S. Whitney, Dr. Walter Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. A. S. Whitney, Dr. Walter Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gallagher, the Misses Burke, Mrs. Herbert Carbray, Miss M. Carbray, Mrs. Donald MacNaughton, Mrs. W. H. Newton, Mrs. Arthur Terroux, Nursing Sister Leamy, Mrs. M. Ross, Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. T. P. Tansey, Miss S. Tansey, Miss McCabe, Recorder and Mrs. Semple, Mr. and Mrs. George Jerome Sheffield, Mrs. A. D. McGillis, Mrs. W. J. Tabb, Col. McDonald, of Alexandria, Ont.; Mr. Hubert McDonald, Mr. Leo Bradley, Lieut. Haddlesey, Lieut. R. Bernard, Mr. F. Busseire, Lieut. F. Hudon, Lieut. Cecil Carpenter, Mr. J. M. Coughlin, Mr. I. D. Lieut. R. Bernard, Mr. F. Busseire, Lieut. F. Hudon, Lieut. Cecil Carpenter, Mr. J. M. Coughlin, Mr. J. D. King, Mr. Lawrence Wilson, Mr. F. MacGillis, Mrs. P. J. Ryan, Mr. L. T. Hogan, Mr. A. Chabot, Mr. Charles Baker, Mr. J. P. Wolfe, Mr. A. Tabb, Mr. Malone, Mr. Clarence McKenna, Mr. Mathew Kennedy, Mr. Horace J. Gagne, Mr. W. F. MacDonald, Mrs. J. W. Domville, Mr. L. N. Leamy, Mr. R. E. Anglin, Mr. H. M. Doyle, Mr. J. McGarry, Mr. P. A. Painsclair, Mr. J. C. Whittaker, Lieut. Walter Kavanagh, M.C.; Mr. and Mrs. Milliard Dube, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Maguire, Mrs. D. J. Brennan, Mrs. J. W. Mulvena, Mr. A. B. Otter, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. C. Kinsella, Mrs. Munday, Cadet Rouer Roy and Mrs. Roy.

JOHN WOLFE.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



Our readers will please excuse the incompleteness of the following list and help us make it more complete next year by sending in any information they may be able to gather about Old Loyola boys.

Father Walter Gaynor has been recently ordained at Plymonth, England. We wish to offer our heartiest

congratulations.

Father Flood has proved himself a very zealous and very competent curate in St. Anthony's Parish, City. There are few so whole hearted and certainly none so loved and respected as he. In his locality he was the very soul of the recent drive and is among the most loyal of our "Old Boys". He is bringing much credit to his Alma Mater.

Joseph O'Hagan has already been made Deacon and will be ordained this June. We regret that we go to press before we can record this happy event.

to press before we can record this happy event. Pursuing their studies with the Redemptorists are: William McCrory, George Fee, Leo Sexsmith, Francis Gallery. May they all enjoy many happy years of religious life and see their efforts crowned with every success. Rev. F. Downes, S.J.; Rev. R. Cloran, S.J.; Rev. W. McManus, S.J.; are following their Theological Course at the Immaculate Conception, Montreal. Rev. F. Breslin, S.J.; Rev. J. Carlin, S.J.; Rev. L. Burns, S.J.; Rev. J. Mullally, S.J. are pursuing their philosophical studies in the same place. Rev. F. Smith, S.J. is at present teaching at St. Stanislaus Novitiate, Guelph. Reviewing their classical studies at Guelph are Rev. R. McDonald, S.J.: Rev. W. Savoie, S.J.; Rev. E. Chabot, S.J. who took his vows on Nov. 13th, 1918. At the Seminary, Montreal, pursuing their Theological studies are: Thomas Bracken, Wilfred O'Kane, Loyola Poupore. At the Seminary, Toronto, are: Michael Enright, Charles Steben.

The following have entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, at Guelph, last year, Marcus Doherty, John O'Halloran, Raymond Sutton, John

Penfold.

Mr. Rene Savoie has returned to Loyola as a Professor of Science in the senior classes and Mathematics in many of the other classes. He also lectures at the Technical School and has proved himself a very successful teacher of private classes.

very successful teacher of private classes.

H. D. Armstrong is teaching at Belmont School.

James Downes is helping to make the world an unsafe place to live in by his labours in the Ford Motor Co.

Gaspard Archambault is gradually working himself to the front as a civil engineer. He has just finished installing and renovating the Hawkesbury water and sewerage system. At the meeting of the old boys that preceded the Drive we were glad to see him present as jovial as ever.

Gerald Coughlin is attached to one of the biggest law firms in the City, and we learn from many sources that he is doing splendidly. He is also quite an active political speaker.

Matthew Hicks is doing business as an auctioneer of Oriental rugs.

James Casey is associated with Mr. Goulden in the management of a pharmacy near to the college grounds.

John Gillies is attached to the C.P.R. law office.

Leo Reynolds is making splendid headway as Canadian representative of a Japanese Silk Co.

Fredrick Drumm started in business twelve years ago with Hare and Mackenzie, Limited, Insurance Brokers, 295 St. James St. He is still connected with the same firm and the fact that he has been recently named one of its directors shows that he is making good. He has specialized on insurance and now is devoting his talents to writing up insurance of every kind. He is also Secretary-Treasurer of the Boat Releasing Gear of Canada, Limited. We wish him a future as successful as his past, and a rapid advance in both companies.

Major Ernest McKenna has just returned from the front with the 14th Royal Montreal.

Colonel George J. Boyce, D.S.O., was married on October 8th, 1918, to Mrs. O'Reilly, widow of the late Mr. Richard O'Reilly, of Kell's County Meath. Lieut.-Col. The Rev. W. J. Workman, M.C., Senior Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Overseas Forces officiated. We wish Colonel Boyce and his bride many happy years of married life. The couple is expected to return to Canada soon.

Duncan Maguire was recently married to Miss Mildred Walling, has been employed at construction work since he left College. As Field Accountant and Paymaster with the St. Lawrence Bridge Co., he saw the building of the Quebec Bridge from start to finish.

David Black has just recently made his Profession in the Order of Presentation Brothers.

Walter Merrill has recently returned from the front to his wife and two children.

Joseph Walsh with Mr. Mulcair have made their mark as a rising firm of Public Notaries.

Rev. Athol Murray, now Curate at Orillia, sends us the following about his two brothers.

Sergt. Stuart A. Murray was despatch carrier. He came through two and a half years of the war unscathed, save for a rib broken when his car, going at top speed, turned turtle. This occurred in some desolate and utterly forsaken region, and, had it not been for a British aviator who sighted the upturned car an hour later, with the rider squirming under it, the accident might have been more tragic,

Sergt. W. A. Murray was in the I Battalion, 1st Division, and in France almost from the beginning. He was made a casualty in the Canadian push of August, 1918. On August 30th he was severely wounded by shrapnel and suffered considerably from loss of blood. He is still in the hospital in Englandwhere they are persevering in their effort to save his right arm.

Andrew Kavanagh, now at Plattsburg, did exceedingly well in his exams at Washington.

Donald Macdonald is practising law at Alexandria. John McCullough is still "over there". Mr. Burke, former teacher at the College is now

registrar at St. Francis Xavier's, New York.

Mr. Leo Bradley, a faithful friend of the College and a frequent caller, is now making a two years' trip around the world with J. B. McMartin.

Francis McGue has been appointed by the Lieut.-Governor, Editor of English Judgment in Supreme Court and Court of Review, City and District of Montreal.

Somerled Macdonald, Inspector of Revenue, Shaughnessy Building, played with the College Hockey Team in the City League and was very devoted and active throughout the recent Drive.

Richard H. Martin, clerk in Century Coal & Coke Co., was a devoted and energetic worker for the Drive

and put it over the top in the name of the Old Boys.

Raymond Kramer is in 4th Year Medicine at McGill. Murray Hayes is following the Science Course at

Frank McGillis, John Gallery are law students at McGill.

Howard and Everett McGarr are carrying on their father's business.

Hugh Kerrin is in business as an accountant.

Ethelbert Browne is Acting Advertising Manager for the Northern Electric.

Gilbert Wall is attached to the City Hall.

Rupert Holland is with the Bank of Montreal. Phillip McKenna's activity is centered around the K. of C. Huts.

Clair Leitch is employed as Construction Foreman. Hugh Leitch is preparing for his degree of Civil

Engineer at McGill.

David Walsh is with his father in the Insurance business.

Albert Aubin took his degree at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and is now practising law at Sturgeon Falls. Emery Phaneuf has been called to the Bar.

Clarence McKenna, recently married, has taken

up business as a broker.

Alexander Millard is Local Manager for The Perkins Electric, and has been a kind and generous friend to the boys during the year by supplying them with reels and other supplies for the moving picture machine. We wish to sincerely thank him and wish him many years of successful business life.
Francis Bussiere is in second year Law at Laval.

Henry Bussiere is in second year Medicine at McGill.

Henry Maher and his two brothers, William and Stanley, form the Maher Real Estate firm at Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

Michael Coady is with the City and District Bank. Paul Desjardins is finishing his course of Medicine

and doing practical work at the Leduc Pharmacy.

Francis and Arthur Moore have just returned from the front and are thinking of going west. They both served four years with the Machine Gun Company. Theodore Laberge is with Mr. Walsh & Son in the

Insurance business.

ONE OF LOYOLA'S FIRST HOCKEY TEAMS, 1893-94



A. Farrell



Mr. J. HACKETT President of Old Boys' Association

Bernard Muldoon is at the head of a flourishing grocery business.

Raphael Nunez is attending lectures at Boston College and caused quite a surprise by turning out to

be a star hockey player for his new Alma Mater.

Chester Regan is in Chicago, an accountant with the Swift Co.

Roy Dillon is still at the R.M.C.

Gerald Quinlan has entered into business with his father.

James Quinlan is continuing his scientific studies at McGill. During the war he made a splendid showing as wireless operator.

Maurice Versailles is one of our most successful students ever at McGill; he has recently won the Morris Scholarship and has been elected by acclama-

tion President of the Society of Law.

Eugene McNichol is manager of the Montreal
Branch of the Bank of Toronto.

Arthur Perodeau has appended to his name the

title N.P.
R. J. Wickham, an Insurance Broker and has proved himself one of the most loyal of the Old Boys. He has devoted himself unstintingly to the success of the recent Drive.

William Dowling is with the Bank of Montreal. D. G. Desbarats is in his father's business, Adver-

tising Agency.
W. McKenna ia s clerk at The Imperial Tobacco, while his brother Tom McKenna is with the Northern

Electric.
F. J. Houlihan is a Student of Music at the Dominion College of Music.

John D. King is temporarily chemist at the Canadian Car Foundry with the intention of continuing his scientific studies.

Noah Timmins is continuing his studies and helping his father in his business. Noah was one of our enthusiastic supporters throughout the hockey season and did fine work as defence for the team. He was also a ready and devoted worker during the Drive, and has on all occasions shown himself to be thoroughly attached to the College.

M. J. Timmins is taking a special business course at Pennsylvania University. He did good work

during the Drive.

Lawlor Leblanc is temporarily in business with the Leblanc Limited, Coffee and Spices and will later continue his studies.

Gordon Carlin, whose wedding-bells will be ringing in the near future, has been raised to a captaincy, and is now in the insurance business with the Imperial Life. During the Drive Gordon did good work and showed great enthusiasm.

Thomas Guerin is a Real Estate Broker.

Maurice Lemieux is Trust Clerk.
Thomas P. Dillon is studying law at McGill and has contributed an article to the present issue of the Review. He was one of Father Flood's most energetic co-operators during the Drive.

Lieut. D. Bonnard is instructor in the R.A.F.

He was severely wounded in the leg at the Front. Peter Marien is with the Guardian Insurance Co. C. Downes is checker in the Glen Yards.

John M. Coughlin has recently returned from the Front. He has contributed the article on "Journalism" appearing in the present issue.

Harold Roche is a Canadian Customs Officer. J. S. Sutcliffe is with the National Trust Co. Ltd. Herbet J. Wright is employed in the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

Paul Sentenne is Contract Inspector at C.P.R. Angus Shops

Bernard Gomez, B.A., M.D. has made for himself

a wide and ever growing practice.

Harold Hingston who with his three brothers was at the Front, has now resumed his interrupted work

Joseph H. Lapointe is secretary-treasurer for the N. Lapointe Co.

Harold Kavanagh is studying Law in the office of

H. J. Trihey, K.C.

John Hackett the well known and better loved President of the Old Loyola Association is making powerful strides towards the head of his profession and will soon be one of Canada's foremost advocates.



FR. W. GAYNOR

His sincere attachment to the Alma Mater was evident throughout the Drive, when he did splendid work in diffusing around him the enthusiasm that inspired him. He has contributed the article on the Old Boys' Association in this issue.

John J. Fitzgerald, Manager of The Merchants' Insurance of Montreal, was acting secretary of the Old Boys during the Campaign and one of the most efficient and devoted of the Drive workers. He is also a devoted follower of the Laymen's Retreat.

Tony Duckett was married last February to Miss Corbeau. We wish him many happy years of married life.

G. Wynne is working in the bank at Montreal West.
Louis Cyril Carrier is reporter on the Montreal
Star.

Majella Madden is in business with his father.

Dermott O'Gallagher has a Government position in the Parliament buildings at Quebec.

Gerald Griffith, M.D. has a large medical practice in Point St. Charles.

J. J. McCarthy is Professor of the graduating class at Belmont School. Some of our best pupils have passed through his hands.

Rouer Roy took several first places in his examinations as Naval Cadet at Halifax. He is at present continuing his course in England.

John McElderry has just returned from overseas after a year's service in the 1st Canadian Tank Battalion. He had just finished his last year at law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, when he enlisted.

Leo Timmins is attending St. Laurent College. Leo did splendid work for our hockey team as goaltender this year.

Ted Walsh has entered into partnership with McManamy in stocks, bonds and investment securities. Ted always makes it his business to come to the college when he is in town.

the college when he is in town.

Jack Cuddy has even surpassed his last year's success at McGill, getting first-class honors in eight subjects, second-class honors in one, and second place in another. Jack and Maurice Versailles are bringing credit to their Alma Mater.

Christopher O'Rourke is engaged with the G.T. Railway.

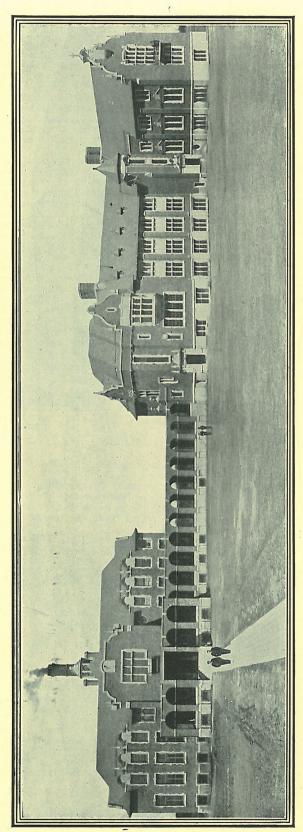
Everett Scanlon has been attending McGill College. Gaston Delisle has now opened up an office of his own as an insurance agent and is doing nicely. He takes quite an interest in college hockey—in fact, this year, an active interest, so much so that he often proved himself the friend in need.

Joe Ryan is being initiated into business methods at the G.T.R., but he intends to return to McGill next

As we go to press we receive news of the award of D.S.O., with bar, to Captain Rene Redmond, and the M.C. to Lieut. John Kearney. We regret not to to be able to publish their photographs in our tableau of distinctions.

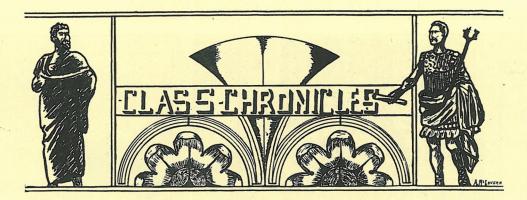
We were glad to record this year the beginning of a movement which we hope every year will see increase, that of the Old Boys returning to visit their Alma Mater. All may be sure of a hearty welcome.





REFECTORY BUILDING.

JUNIORS' BUILDING



PHILOSOPHY

We mention in the beginning of the class chronicle names like St. Thomas and Aristotle and Plato because in the first place it is impossible to begin a chronicle like ours without the galaxy of these fair names to give the remainder of us a start, and, secondly, there is none among us that is not favoured by the comparison. This is, of course, an off-hand remark, for the real purpose that lay behind the mentioning of these names was the reflexion that we had learned in six months what these remarkable men spent many precious years if not a life-time in acquiring. Our beginnings were not as auspicious as theirs, perhaps, for we did not begin till October and then we were only eight. Even so poor a beginning was still further spoiled by the advent of the "flu". Resuming classes six weeks later we added five to our number, namely, Doyle, Hogan, Phelan, Noonan and Wolfe, and then we had only to drag through the year with the number 13 that brought a long succession of misfortunes in its train.

The first among these was the attempt of Tabb and Senecal to construct an instrument intended for the distillation of water, but H₂O never had a kick like the colourless liquid that came out of their apparatus. It was evidently bad luck that made them fail in their plan, but it was worse luck which prompted them to taste the liquid. Then Chabot and Malone went in search of adventure, but the God of Fate was still against us, for he treated them as a conscientious author always treats his villains. They met with success at first, but as the plot thickened, fortune slipped from their fingers and their schemes began to turn against themselves. It was also at this time that Beaudoin lost his tongue. He was never very loquacious, but his silence was the limit of human endur-

But these things grew gradually worse. spirit of dissension and strife overshadowed the class, and out of the toil and clamour began a struggle for supremacy in the forum, but especially on the mat. The struggle gradually grew less bitter and finally dwindled itself down to two, Anglin and Wolfe. Through a stroke of bad luck for so we consider it, Anglin remained invincible. Things, however, might have been settled amicably had not Anglin and Wolfe been abetted in their rivalry by Hogan and Doyle and that was how the worst came to pass. Big Wilf, as he is affectionately called by those who know him least, would have almost missed his place in this gallery of fame, if he had not suddenly got sick. Out of this sprang a multiplicity of evils. Charlie Phelan in an anxious moment asked for the sympathies of the Debating Society. They were given readily enough, and to Charlie Baker was entrusted the delicate mission of conveying them. Whatever were the preliminaries that accompanied the conveying of these preiminaries that accompanied the conveying of these wishes nobody seems to have a very clear idea, but the fact is they were repudiated, and Charlie was treated with the blackest ingratitude by him whom he would have done most for. The mission was surely a delicate one and might, perhaps, have better been entrusted to Jim McGarry for the reason that we suspect him of being successful in a mission more delicate still, but which discretion forbids us more than to delicately allude to. delicately allude to.

The return of Ulysses to Ithaca was not more replete with ills than the tale you have been listening to. Whoever be the god that has thus thwarted our best efforts he cannot for the life of him change the 6th of June, when we shall return to Ithaca.

J. SENECAL '20.

RHETORIC

Be willing to pardon these few words about myself. It is certainly bad taste to take to myself the preference even in a class chronicle, but this is due to modesty on my part as I was afraid that through my incompetence to those to whom I would do most honour, I might do the least good. I stand, therefore, at the head as being the post of danger—willing to assume the blame should our showing be a poor one. And, in the first place, be it kept in mind that this is not the unfinished product of a feeble-minded critic. Errors it surely has, but to err is human, and whether to forgive be human or divine, we question not; only we will not attempt anything that is in need of forgiveness. There is surely freedom from error in saying that we might have been ten or twelve, that we came near being six, and that we are but five. A strange coincidence, but the principal parts of a speech are but five. How better than in a speech can one rhetorically describe the class of rhetoric. I am the exor-I put myself there deliberately and I have asked your pardon for doing so. It was not indeed

that I thought myself best able to gain your good-will

but that I thought myself best able to gain your good-will but that I might absorb any bad will that might accrue to the "confirmatio" or "peroratio".

The "narratio" is none other than William McGee. It is brief, "probabilis" and of a striking simplicity; that is, considered under some aspects. I only vouch for the strangeness of the "narratio," not for the truth of it, but there is no doubt about its powers of conciliotion especially with a certain class of people. The ciliation, especially with a certain class of people. The "confirmatio" is the bulk of the speech and Paul is the bulk of the class. Of tennis-prowess, he can place an bulk of the class. Of tennis-prowess, he can place an argument anywhere; a bass fiddler, he can play on the human emotions at will. On his broad shoulders he can sustain the weight of argument and the burden of proof. Fernand, as "refutatio," is somewhat nettled at the thought of my putting him where he is. In his estimation he should come immediately after the exordium. Because this is conspicuously a case where there are prejudices to overcome. Moreover, it is depriving the class of a compliment that is justly theirs, for what five are more an object of envy and



PHILOSOPHY

good-natured jealousy, and yet Fernand has mechanical contrivances to explode ill-feeling and can refute or reject anything except chicken-pox.

To sum up is the function of the peroration, a func-

tion that we impose on Henry Smeaton. The speech is rather short and leaves little room for summing up, but so is Henry. It means that much thought and much emotion must be crowded into a small space.

But it has already been crowded into Henry and Henry "is an honest man". Here then you have a living peroration, and what is more unusual than a class-peroration walking around on legs.

And now the work is done, I draw to a close and as "I came," "I saw" "I conquered," so I do, I did, and I have done.

I have done.

JOHN DOLAN, '21.

HUMANITIES

"Poscimur" we are called on not to sing nor to harangue, for these, indeed, demand a substantial theme, but to do something vacuous and inane a class chronicle it seems. For what is the use of a class chronicle after all? What have we to say about ourselves? We chronicle that we are seventeen, But that is neither here nor there. Because there are, we are told, 17 Archangels in Heaven, and from another source we learn that 17 was the number of the heroes that knaved their way into heedless Ilium in the age of Homer, but we have none of us ever been in heaven no more than we have been in Ilium, so that we have neither the glory of the one nor the notoriety of the other. I wonder is that enough. This is very likely where Horace would have called for his "lyre". As I was saying, we are seventeen, but there was never a hapless seventeen that was so much in need of aid above and sought it less.

After all, there are only eight gifts at the disposal After all, there are only eight gifts at the disposal of the god of Bounty, and it was never for a moment a question of their being bestowed, but that they were never even asked for, and some even thought that they were not needed. For instance, fortitude was a gift needed only by the unfortunate professor, and that in large quantities. But understanding was conspicuous by its absence, and it is difficult to proceed

very far without the understanding of something or somebody. It must have been in an effort to realize this, that Roger would have set Cicero aright in a matter of Grammar, though he had no books at the time and had not the slightest notion in the world where they had gone to. Facts like this of understanding are not uncommon. There was, for instance, Wendling, who, consumed with the fires of ambition, deemed the theory of indices the work only of minor intellects, and is now delving into the mysteries of logarithms. Binda, ever a busy socialist, believes that the class ought to have a common understanding in the class ought to have a common understanding in these matters. But Neil says it is common enough, and, besides, if two heads are better than one, seventeen heads only make good mutton. Wisdom is needed in difficulties like this, and wiser than the three Kings of Christmas tradition is James Hebert. Demosthenes proved a crisis in his life as in that of many others, but wisdom suggested that it might be tided over in good wisdom suggested that it might be tided over in good company. He had heard in a conversation not meant for him to understand of the existence of Kelly—the key to many a trying situation. A smart fellow for all that. He does not mind being mentioned. The others do. After all it is the essence of good organization that other people should do your work for you. Much after this fashion does Gerald Bray avail himself of a stray prompting from generous neighbours when travelling in an uncomely manner through a by-way in Cicero or Demosthenes. Con is simply impervious to all promptings, will venture an opinion neither on one side nor on the other, and believes in a golden silence at all times. Walter concurs in this and there are no doubt times when silence is golden, just as there are "follies" that are wise.

A great man once said that any one who could rise punctually in the morning would one day be famous. Well, Gerald Lonergan replies, it is not worth being famous for one day anyway. And, besides, great men talk absent-mindedly of their youth and who amongst them ever heard two masses on the same Sunday. Delisle is of the same mind, only more scathing in his remarks. He is the sworn enemy of all sham. In his opinion if one rises in the night it obviates the difficulty of rising in the morning. It is a risky thing to contradict him. Not even Charles would attempt that, but this story he believes there is no harm in telling. He overheard Leo Beaudin and William McVey discussing the value of poetry, and, as far as

he could gather, it resolved itself into a matter of poets where they held decided and opposite opinions. Charles declares he could not get the name very well, but William seemed to place all his faith in a poet called Baker. Leo, more cautious, and with a love for antiquity, threw in his lot with Horace, from whom he was heard to quote in an ardent moment, as if to clinch the argument: "Lenesque sub noctem susurri, composita repetantur hora." Frank was afterwards heard to say that their remarks were neither here nor there, and that they were as far as ever from the solution of the difficulty they had undertaken to solve. He has discovered the solution since, not perhaps real, but at least new. All this might have been better said in Greek, had James Hearn been willing, and better sung had Paul Baillaigion heen the singer. Perhaps it were all better unsaid and better unsung, but then, as Martin says, alone in the solemn precincts of No. 4, so many great deeds would have been left untold, so many heroes left unsung.

W. M. CORBETT, '22.

FIRST GRAMMAR

ANGLIN—Gerald came and went. We were better for his coming and his premature departure, occasioned by his ambitions for the R.M.C. Course, has left a distinct void in our hearts, as well as an additional vacant seat in the class. Gerald's sterling qualities, gentlemanly instincts and scholarly attainments, though heralded by no blare of trumpets, stentorian accompaniment or blatant band, were nevertheless appreciated by his comrades and we hope to see him back in our midst ere long.

BARKER—Albert has steadily increased in wisdom—not to speak of height. Genial, generous and of a sympathetic disposition, in the warp and woof of which runs no dark thread of cynicism, he is sure to make a host of friends wherever he goes.

BOYLE—An adept at feigning astonishment. These histrionic powers are more than compensated for by his constant labour, winning disposition and dogged persistency. Care rests lightly on the shoulders of this worthy son of 4th year High.

casgrain—Unobtrusive and retiring—especially at bed-time. Learned, solemn, addicted to books, never obstreperous. A delver in Greek roots, a champion at stick-to-itiveness, this worthy student has won enough "Good" cards to paper his room.

COLLINS—A keen and invincible debater, ever sparkling with Celtic wit and ready repartee, "Mike" imposes himself willy-nilly. With a keenness of mind, a power of analysis and a phenomenal capacity for mathematics, all of which presage a brilliant future, this worthy son of Erin should win the laurels of fame.

COUGHLIN—Serene and smiling, docile and unruffled, popular with all, disliked by none, amiable Errol is everybody's friend. This genial expansive all-round sport, whose big heart bears witness to the Celtic strain in his nature, is a useful man around a college and he is never chary of his energies.

DAY—Absent but not forgotten, lest to sight but present to mind, Tem remains a memory of what was, but is no more. This is not an obituary notice, but a record of our former Vice-President of Debating Society, whose health unfortunately required his return for a time to the peaceful surroundings of Toronto. His strong, virile character and personal magnetism often made him a commanding figure on the rostrum.

DECARY—Solid, imposing, reliable, unobtrusive yet always ready when needed, Hector occupies a lasting place in our hearts. Bright-eyed and cheerful, though

gentle and reserved, he is a real dispeller of gloom, while ever indulging in his natural penchant for work.

DESLAURIERS—Another quiet, hashful and retiring disposition, yet unusually popular. Anthony endures many a joke on himself, is never ruffled though he nonplusses many a forward youth by his penetrating stare. His friends are limited only by the extent of his acquaintanceship.

GALIPEAU—Fuit sed not est. With his flexible mathematical genius, Albert embarked upon private studies for a government examination and is naught but a memory, though that memory be of the kindest and most enduring.

GLEESON—A promoter of optimism, an apostle of good cheer, unassuming and humble, though of no meagre talent, this veritable prodigy in mathematics has qualities of mind and heart which ve are not slow to appreciate, though he will have to overcome his natural inclination to stay in the background. He is the blending of a good student and an athlete.

HANLON—An authority on statistics, a collector of rare bits of information, a "rara avis" of substantial worth, this youth has emblazoned on his standard the slogan "Use your head". Joe is strongly opinionated, but has also an inexhaustible fund of good humour and all his arguments end up in good-humoured bantering.

KEARNS—Short, speedy and vigourous, the athlete of the class. Has acquired an enviable reputation as a boxer and swimmer, not only in the college but in the city. Came to us late, but was not the less welcome.

LAPLANTE—Studious, seldom heard, unassuming, Paul pursues the even tenor of his way. The fact that he is entrusted with the back seat is sufficient proof of his steadiness and reliability. All wool and a yard wide.

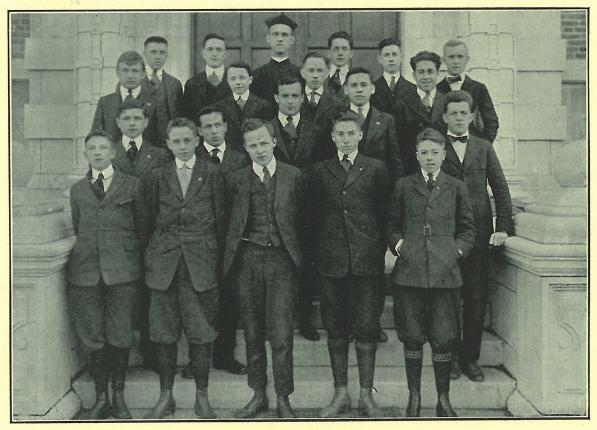
LEAMY—His cheering countenance and happy disposition enliven the little coterie around him and he will surely figure prominently one day in the "Who's Who" of prominent men. His aversion, English: his diversion, Latin; his passion, hockey. Belongs to the triumvirate of Kelly, Coughlin and Leamy.

LESAGE—Fresh from the band-box, Earl is farfamed for all that spells correctness. Earl came to us small and is leaving us tall, while carrying away piles of knowledge from the rich lore of the classics.

MASSE—The youth with the look of innocent astonishment when called to task. Vivacious, impe-



HUMANITIES



FIRST GRAMMAR CLASS

tuous, thoughtless, yet with plenty of ability and talent, he is a real social entity with a very winning smile.

McGARR—A reticent, easy-going youth on whose brow no furrows of care are yet worn. Scrupulously neat, even in his rigid hand-writing, and possessed of a never-changing good-humour he adapts himself to all and his friends are sure to be legion. Occasionally present in class.

McMAHON — Mighty Roger hails from Lachine. His jovial contenance simply radiates happiness and is the bearer of much sunshine within our walls, while he loves a joke as he does his sleep. Good at studies, conspicuous in base ball and hockey; his big heart and cheerful manner will bring him many friends through life

NADEAU—Beecher wrote: "It is not work that kills men; it is worry". Therefore, Reggie will never die young. Possessing a pleasant manner, affectionate disposition and wonderful equanimity, not to speak of musical ability, Reggie goes about things in a way that spells success.

MACDONALD—Nature has bestowed her gifts in bounteous measure on this worthy son of Glengarry.

Possessing a wonderful capacity for work and a calibre for mathematics of no ordinary worth, one may predict an enviable record for him in any field of life.

WALSH—An outspoken truthful, faithful and industrious youth, with solid business acumen, and forensic powers allowing no respite to his adversary. Tom is sure to succeed in life. With his commanding stare, majestic walk, friendly smile and winning ways, he is the quintessence of good fellowhip.

LORENZO D. KELLY, '23.

P.S.—It will be noticed that the author of the above modestly omits mention of himself. Leamy thus sums up Kelly's character: , "President of H. S. Debating Society, manager of a baseball team, the best hockey player in the class, an authority on Latin—these are only a few of the accomplishments of our worthy representative from Buckingham. While possessed of winning ways and a keen wit, Lorenzo is outspoken and despises all that smacks of sham or counterfeit, and these qualities have won for him popularity, while commanding respect.

II GRAMMAR 1918-1919

Friend and foe! harken ye alike while I tell you of the manifold wonders of II Grammar 1918-1919. Never before in the history of the College has there been grouped together such marvels of wit and learning as have been seen this year assembled under the banner of Second Grammar.

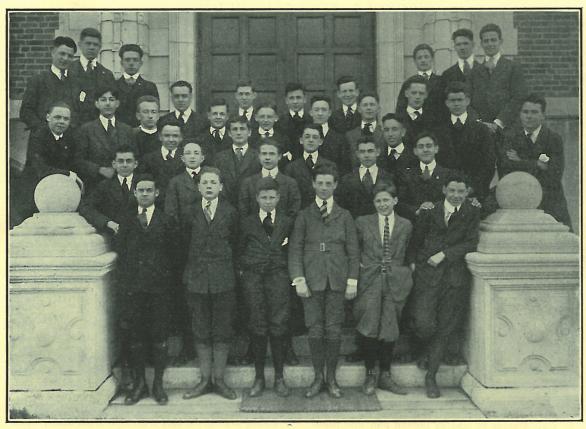
The hand of Fate after leading him around the world far from his native land, the distant isle of Trinidad, took special pains to lead to Loyola him who heads our list and has so often distinguished himself in unfrequented fields, Agostini, whose midnight adventures on the ground floor have been for weeks at a time the sole topic of our awe-inspired conversations. From the remoter districts of far-off Sherbrooke town, from among the smoke-laden atmosphere of the understairway that same inscrutable Fate dragged forth the faithful Marcus to lead him, pyjama-clad, to take his stand beside his friend in the midst of the turmoil. Oft and anon has the hand that guides the feet of boarders on night-time visits to the Prefect's haunts, groped round inquiringly for a small portion of humanity carelessly left lying around our precincts and bearing the tag, "Anglin. Handle with care." But so far the microscopic nature of the individual has allowed him to escape that awful clutch. And all the while Fate, true to its epithet of Blind, passes and repasses but never halts, leaving unscathed the red-crowned frontispiece of Gerry Altimas. On he sleeps, poor soul, dreaming in bliss and ignorance, but not of the terrible awakening, when for the first time in all his span of years he will find himself compelled to work. Ah! me, the terror of that momentous instant!

Let us not dwell upon such calamitous possibilities. If you allow your fascinated gaze to roam at leisure o'er the class, you will soon perceive that the harmonious whole is broken into three well marked divisions: the first and most numerous comprises those who do no work outside that required to stow into the inner man the contents of their ever well-stocked pockets; the second those whose sole aim in existence is to be so quiet as to allow the teacher to forget them when his bewildered eye sweeps the class searching for one who knows the lessons; the third takes in those who unite in their person the qualities of the two former groups.

Take Bill Brennan, for example. He's just returned from an extensive tour throughout California, where he went to rest up from his father's hard work; you could hardly expect him to settle down to hard life all at once, could you? Well, you will not be disap-

pointed, for his mightiest effort is to try to slip his hand from his pocket up to the entrance to his inner self without being caught by the Master's eye. He is by no means the only one in his class. Rusty Davis, whose soul feeds on the higher levels of artistic jazz, is, alas! handicapped with an ever-growing appetite, and at all times of the day he can be seen munching the deleterious products of Viau Bros. Casey also, having donned the ugly teguments of the adult, is now convinced that he must do his best to fill out these garments of a maturer age. At his present rate of consumption, it is a safe bet that next year Bartlett, our present heavy weight champion, will be a "has been." Alan Scott, whose many jobs take him on tedious journeys, is somewhat excusable for his over-abundant absorption of "eats", but, unfortunately, the result in a state of semi-somnolence which makes him miss his bells more than once, and slightly jeopardizes his chances for re-election as college "buttons". Also run in the same class Jack Quinlan, whose untiring efforts in the collecting line are highly appreciated by his numerous victims, who see practically all their small change disappear into his ever ready pockets: he generally lets the world at large know that he has the cash, by his merry jingling of the proceeds every now and then; Eddie Brannen or "Bunn" whose devotion to the college bun has earned for him his endearing surname: Camacho, whose weak health and fits of fainting give him some appearance of excuse. All in all, our class may well boast that we are staught supporters of our Alrea More for with are staunch supporters of our Alma Mater, for, without us, the college store would scon go out of business.

And now, if the Master is so inconsiderate as to ask us to recite a lesson, observe the result. Aubut and Duffey shrivel up to their smallest dimension and disappear behind Semple, who puts on a vacant stare and becomes terribly absorbed in something else. Sinnett starts looking for a book, while Rolland hastily fishes out his "Deserted Village" and begins at once to learn the lesson. Domville's head disappears in his hands and he looks disappointed and grieved if perchance he is called upon. Hartney has something to tell Decarie and both call Paul Brennan into consultation so the Master must perforce look somewhere else. Gourre finds that his interest is suddenly aroused by something on the Campus and Levesque closes his eyes and, being in the first row puts on a look of such complete assurance that no one would ever dream of questioning his ability to recite anything and everything. Malone starts for the door as if he just heard



SECOND GRAMMAR



THIRD GRAMMAR

a knock, while Tobin, with eyes averted and bowed head hastily completes his never-finished morning toilet. Connor does the vanishing act behind Murray and reappears only when the "all clear" signal is given by Geoff. Plunkett, whose sweet smile is enough to disarm any Master. And the result is that a chosen few remain in view and do the work. McGovern and Wilson, thanks to their training as boy scouts, are ever where danger is thickest, when not occupied with their absorbing scout activities. Cuddihy, our Greek expert, is always ready for the foe and ever willing to help his partner, Wilf. Scott, over the ticklish spots. Lonergan, so justly surnamed "brains," is always wil-

ling to hasten from his dreams of Buckingham to chirp most entertainingly on the misdoings of one Cadmus, while Red Carroll industriously thumbs his note books to find out what's it all about. Beaky Hammond will do anything in reason in the way of reciting lessons as long as the Master will refrain from asking him to read, and Murray, whose main object in existence seems to be to serve as a prop for the drooping form of Ashton Tobin, will now and again contribute a deep toned soliloquy supposed to be from the "Deserted Village.

MORRIS DAVIS, '24

III GRAMMAR

Silent in his council chamber Sat the Big Chief Cuthbert Scott Thinking of his happy school days Thinking of those hours of leisure— "Would that I might see my brothers Those who won those snow-shoe races, Those so fond of Greek and Latin, Those who loved the "Black Robe's Training". He the mightiest of the Scott Clan Calls his fellow-students to him, Calls those leaders of the people Calls the learned to his council.

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies Came the judges, lawyers, doctors, Black robes, merchants, poets, painters Came the Parkers Ethiers, Walshes, Came the Nightingales, MacKenzies, Came the Harwoods, Murrays. Drolets Came the Lanes, the Gahans and Wims, Came the Laverties and McCaffreys, Came MacDonald, mighty Scots Chief. Came from out the Pine-tree forest Genereux and Ed. Lessard, Came the McNamees and Phelans Came John Collins, Ryan, Terry, Came the Mills, Deschenes and Dawsons, Came the McAseys and Cuddihy, Came the Boyers and McNally Came O'Grady, Dowling, Barry.

Then from out the land of freedom From that land of milk and honey Teeming with its bounteous riches Came the worthiest of Third Grammar Came the President of that country He whose name was C. D. Downing.

Then arose that great peace council At the signal from their "Big Chief" And with voices like to thunder Cheered for him the mighty statesman And the echo rolled like thunder Rolled o'er mountain, plain and valley. "Please be seated, learned brothers" Said their fair Chief Cuthbert Scott, "And we'll hear the words of wisdom From this oracle of nations."

"Now, my friends and fellow-students, I, as arbiter of nations Ask you all to join our country, Join that land of milk and honey And we'll build you mighty war-ships, Raise you armies by the million. Not that we would conquer nations, But to safeguard all our people, For the safeguard of democracy Then he smoked from the Puckwana From the peace-pipe sign of concord; Passed it on to all his brothers And the smoke rolled to the heavens As a sign that there existed More than league of mighty nations. Then dispersed that wise assembly To their homes and avocations And the world resounds with praises For the genius of these wise men For those Solomons of Third Grammar.

JOHN COLLINS, '25.

RUDIMENTS

We were told at the beginning of the year that though some of us were as yet small in stature, we were the future big men of the college, the graduating class of 1926. This "big man" idea, if we may call it such, took the class by storm; we all decided to be heroes, not mere men, and in order that we might be able to hold our own in the bettle of life when it came able to hold our own in the battle of life when it came our turn to go forth, we decided to begin with a little indoor warfare by way of practice. The class was

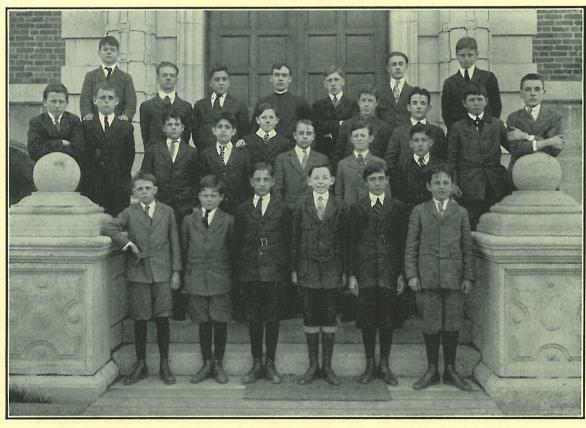
divided into two armies and battles were fought in which high explosives of the Mensa Dominus type were used with such telling effect that the casualty clearing station "Jug" was often a very busy place. Space does not permit a detailed account of each one's achievements in this little war of ours, so we must

be content with the mere mention of each. All are heroes, so all deserve honorable mention.

Like all armies, ours is composed of men of every



LATIN RUDIMENTS



FIRST PREPARATORY

nationality. We have Irish, French, English, Scotch, and even a Hebrew by courtesy and two Chinese by adoption, one of the last named being a young lady. There's Willie Casey from New York, plain William who finds it hard to get his Irish-American tongue around French, the language they use in drawing up treaties, or as he would say, the language they use after a fight. Cheer up, Bill, Spalding's Baseball Guide is still written in American. Then there's Moses. Kenneth is not Yiddish, and McArdle is certainly Irish, yet Kenneth was not here a day until he was christened Moses. Naturally he is our strategist was christened Moses. Naturally he is our strategist par excellence. Kenneth Courtney, a fellow sufferer, boasts of no nickname yet he is none the less popular. Tommy Despres, of the Quebec platoon, has certainly done his share towards helping the college canteen to tide over a bad year. Rumour has it that when hostilities cease, his fellow townsman, Leo Monaghan will turn to politics. He can eat, talk, and says, though we do not believe him, that he can smoke, so I imagine he will do. Charlie Mill, another Quebec man, is worth his weight in gold, our Arithmetic to the contrary notwithstanding. O'Reilly, Hewitt, Clarence Davis Gerald Decary, and Fowler, Gobeil, our hypnotizing, agonizing Agony Quartette, are singers of talent whom "Pinafore" brought before the footlights. O'Reilly is also an exceptionally good student. Clarence told me in strict confidence that, on an average, his singing netted him five hundred lines weekly. If there's one thing Clarence can do better than singing it is playing ball. Melville Trickey has a voice also, but cannot find time to cultivate it. Beaudoin Handfield, who guards the way to no man's land, when off duty, spends his time looking up the rice quotations and trying to his time looking up the rice quotations and trying to figure out how with a Victory Loan of 17 cents he can support our two Chinese allies. His friend "Scout" Bennett has for his motto "Heed the Warnings, avoid the Warnings," Jim's experiences on the tramways ought to soon get him a commission. Desmond Mulvena (Dezzie) got leave of absence at Easter, but he decided not to go home. He was sick and the band had lost his hurdy gurdy, so he would get no reception. From around the mountain come Scanlon, Murphy. Beaudry. Smeaton and Berrea. The first Murphy, Beaudry, Smeaton and Berrea. The first two are big guns, evidently equipped with silencers, as they are the most noiseless pair in their camp. Roland Beaudry, V.C., is a mathematician who can find the gun range to the least fraction of an inch. John

Smeaton's knowledge of Latin and French makes him eminently fitted for the position of interpreter. Reginald Berrea, M.P. (Military Police) keeps the peace in a certain part of the line where mouths and ears are prone to get together. From St. Leo's this year Rudiments recruited E. Dowd, G. Daly, T. and E. Cliffe, four youths of whom the Brothers may well be proud. Good boys, good sports, good students, what more could you desire? Harry Pangman is happiness personified, as also is Harry Donohue, who is back with us again after a long absence due to sickness. To John Galvin, Rudiments owes much of its success in sports. John was captain and mainstay of many of our teams. Two of his old reliables were Herbie Smith and Raymond Fregeau. Herbie's love for sport did not prevent him from getting his share of the decorations every monthly inspection. Raymond's clean sportmanship and perseverance are the admiration of us all. His brother Albert claims to be the strongest man in the camp. When asked how he kept his hair so nice, Fred Manley replied that he had discovered a wonderful new hair tonic, but his neighbour in dormitory says it is just ordinary cough syrup. Fred and Frank Rolph, who was promoted from second prep and is making good, are two of the live wires of the class. Frank's companion to and from Lachine, O'Brien Amos, is a speed king of no mean ability who fails to see how little Armand Bissonnette can carry around so much Latin without getting any thinner. Richard Gloutney will always be remembered as the one who negotiated the purchase of John and Mary Ann, our two Chinese babies. Roger Tellier says he likes campaigning in Rudiments, his only objection being, as he says himself, "Je ne peux pas ecrire a ma blonde."

Percy Plamondon is one of Roger's regular corre-Percy Plamondon is one of Roger's regular correspondents. Billy Power, nephew of the great Chubby, bids fair to equal, if not surpass, his illustrious uncle. No one knows his Catechism better than D'Arcy O'Connell, notwithstanding the fact that he has so many hockey scores and baseball averages to remember. Eddie Sinclair and John Charlebois, purveyors of the smile that disarms, are soldiers whom nothing not even "Jug" can daunt. Henry McElroy and Alex. Rolland, for a long time relentless opponents of daylight saying, have been at last converted, at of daylight saving, have been at last converted, at least partially. If perseverance can win success in life, Alec. will certainly succeed.

THE CLASS

FIRST PREPARATORY

- A Is for Aguiar whose delight 'tis to talk Alcazar and Archie who have a queer walk.
- stands for Basserman, Butler, Belair, The first two are little, the last tall and fair.
- is for Carrick who often would speak
 With his neighbour D. Coulson if his voice didn't squeak.
- stands for Duggan who arouses our mirth By drawing old negroes never yet seen on earth.
- is for Eric who plays the violin, Between his exertions he's oft' seen to grin.
- stands for Foy who offended doth scowl And has even been known to utter a growl.
- stands for Gilbert and Gauthier, his friend They're as far from the first place as they are from the end.
- stands for Hutchison but more so for Hough, We'd put in another but there's not room enough.
- is for idleness feared by our master In order to cure it he makes us work faster.
- stands for Janin who hangs up the map And answers the door when he hears someone rap. is for knowledge that we undertook
- To transfer to our heads from out of a book.
- for Legault who sets the class free By telling the teacher when it's half-past three. M is for Masson who goals with such vim,

- There's no use your shooting, you couldn't pass him.
 - is for Nobody; he's to answer, I think For the desks and the floor being all spotted with
- is O'Rielly who often shows bile,
- But generally passes it off with a smile.
- stands for Power: how happy he'd be Could he shout on the shore of some loud-sounding
- for Quebec that world-famous fort,
- Famed as the home of our Conway the sport.
- is for Rolland who walks at a rate That often brings him to the school rather late.
- means unfeeling, as applied to the grin
- That those going out give when you are kept in.
- for Verea our Mathematician He's great in substraction likewise in addition. stands for Walsh who has many a tale
- Of the wonders he saw when he went for a sail.
- stands for X which means a sum's wrong
- And sometimes correcting it takes rather long, means that Yet there are some you must know, Starke, little Barrie and great Charbonneau. is the zest that the pupil's display
- If not in their studies at least in their play.

THE CLASS

SECOND PREPARATORY



SECOND PREPARATORY

The Class of Second Preparatory for the year 1918-19 comprises about the same number of boys as it did last year, most of them are smaller, younger and every bit as good. The majority are from Montreal and Quebec. New Brunswick sent us Hercules senior and junior. Ireland sent us Del Sole. Furthermore the class is greatly improved by the presence of the more fashion-able members from Chambly, Perth and Sorel. Everyone in the class has to see each of these much-boasted towns as soon as possible. Willie Menard has almost persuaded us to visit Chambly this spring, though Ronald Currie maintains that Sorel would be a better place for the Class Picnic.

Great rivalry exists between the two class teams. Captain Smith makes sure that his side wins most of the games. His lieutenant, Joseph Ciceri persists in holding first place in application. Dannie O'Connell, holding first place in application. Dannie O'Connell, our prize writer, and secretary for the team, always makes sure of his counts. Our astronomer is Joseph Madden. His thoughts are generally in the higher regions during class, but not so at play. He and his big brother Ernest uphold the honour of the class in every line of sports. As an historian Lew. Stone is an authority. He can tell you every important date and fact from the time of Adam until the death of St. John and everything connected with Canada's History from its earliest days. Anything that Luke can't tell you about history ask Harry Gray. He knows. The other members of Captain Smith's team think it can't tell you about history ask Harry Gray. He knows. The other members of Captain Smith's team think it

better to be good in all subjects than to specialize in one. Emmett Foy, however, somewhat prefers elocution to arithmetic. Loyola will have a staunch supporter when Mr. Foy goes to Parliament.

Captain Jack Bradley and his team make it a point of winning the highest marks for home-work. Lieut.

Decary can boast of being defeated only twice this year in Arithmetic, while our Starr is always ready to throw light on any subject. Probably the two health-iest looking representatives as well as the most promis-ing are the Huber Brothers. One of them says that his first novel will be based on happenings at Loyola.

Grammar, arithmetic and the other usual studies are not the only ones in which the members of the class are interested. To say nothing of the beautiful voices that some possess, we have no less than six pianists. "Art" Bradley, our feather-weight champion, is equally artful at the piano as he is in the ring. Edward McKay as a side-line is developing his natural talent for entertaining. His joke book should be a good seller.

Unfortunately for Charlie Domville there is no popularity contest; he would certainly win the prize if the

to college with a large box of candy under this arm.

Last but not least comes John Scully, lately returned from England. John is applying himself very seriously to the study of Canadian Customs in order to lead his class next year.

PIERCE DECARY.

An Aftermath

Our story works out its love, its pathos, and its seriousness in the home of all stories, namely that city of commerce, mystery and romance—New York.

Our interests are centered for the time being on a mother and son, living in the quieter, more fashionable part of the city.

The apartment house in which they reside is a very beautiful one, its grey stoned front, and marble entrance accentuating the air of refinement, and luxury that prevails within.

The interior is furnished throughout, in a quite simple manner, lacking the vulgar display of the average "nouveau-riches". But we are more concerned with the actors of this plot than with adjuncts and externals, for, as yet, you know nothing of these "nouveau-riches". A few years back, they were a small and happy family: small, because they were three in number; happy, because, well—who is not happy who has a fine baby boy of two months, a big handsome husband and a neat little cottage?

It was hard to make both ends meet, with so little money, but then, what did it matter, they were-all three together, and as the proverb says: "There's safety in numbers."

And so they lived, until the baby boy changed into a young man of seven years. Then calamities fell on this happy little family. First, the husband succumbed to pneumonia, and passed away. Then their source of revenue failed them. The mother, to save their little home, took in washing, and from early morning till late at night she toiled and struggled and eked out a from-hand-to-mouth existence.

It was when the boy was about fourteen, that he first showed signs of the wonderful talents he had been gifted with. He was attending a public school then, and in a strange way of Providence, in the programme of the concert offered by the boys to their parents was a recital given by one of the boys on a violin. The violin was lying on a table when our boy saw it. It was the first to which he had ever been close enough to touch, and, with a strange light in his eyes, he lifted it and, tucking it under his chin, he began to play softly a little nothing, yet with a strange, weird melody running through it.

That was ten years ago. To-day he was twenty-four, and the world had accepted him as the master of his art, peerless and unsurpassed. Yet through it all he had never been away from his mother's side. She had been his chum, his adviser. Her decision prevailed even in his business affairs. He always said he owed all his success to her.

To-night he returns to his home, hangs up his modish hat and enters the living-room to greet his mother. She rises to meet him, with a smile. "Well, son, how did things go to-day?" "Fine, mother; fine. I went down to see Giviani, as he had asked me to." He paused, while a worried expression crossed his face, "He wanted to see me about that big convention of all the artists of the world, that is to be held in Europe next month." He stopped short, while the worried expression on his face deepened. "Mother, Giviani says it is essential that I go, and I'm afraid I'll have to." His mother's

face turned suddenly pale, her hand clutched her heart, she smiled feebly, and spoke with an effort.

"You know, son, I'm too old a woman to go all the way to Europe, so for the first time in your life, you'll have to go alone." "I know, mother, I'll feel lost without you, but it's unavoidable." And as they walked into dinner, the mother was thinking how terribly lost she would feel without him.

Came the day of his departure. It dawned bright and clear. It was a perfect day, with the sky a lovely deep-toned blue, and the rising sun a glorious splash of colour against the dark blue background.

They rose early, and having breakfasted, they finished the packing, and, while the mother rested, the son went out to say good-bye to some of his friends.

When he returned it was time for luncheon, and as it was his farewell meal, the mother had cooked some of his favourite dishes herself.

They left for the dock in the late afternoon, and when they were both settled in their car, the son turned to his mother and said, "Mother, there's something I've wanted to tell you." As you know since the war started, I've not been giving many recitals, and all my money has come from royalties on my records; however, that money has been pretty well exhausted during the past month, and I'm leaving you the remainder in a lump sum. It will just last you till I get back. I thought I'd let you know, mother; so you might anticipate any difficulties." She did not reply for a moment, and he grasped her hand, "You'll be all right, mother mine, and, anyway, I'll be home inside of three weeks." "Yes, son," she whispered, "I'll be all right. Don't worry about me."

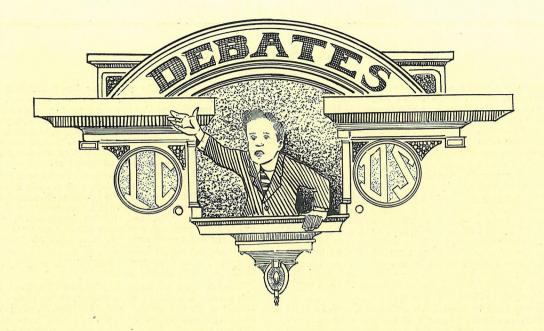
When they reached the dock, everything was hustle and bustle, people were running about, cabs were rushing to and fro, motor cars passing and repassing, everywhere was noise and confusion.

The little old lady pressed close to her big son, and glanced timidly about at the dark unkindly water, at the statue of Liberty farther out, and lastly at the big grey steamer that was to carry her son to the other side.

Suddenly, the warning blast from the big whistle blew, and the bustle and noise, if it were possible, increased. The son grasped his mother by the shoulders, and turning her around so that she faced him, he said gently, "Well, I guess it's good-bye, little mother." It was then that the little mother broke down. Over this heart-rendering grief, we will draw a kindly veil. But when the big grey liner was pulled into mid stream, there was left behind, on the dock, a little woman, blinded by scorching tears, who sobbed aloud. And out toward the statue of Liberty, the grey steamer ploughed through the foamy blue waters, cutting a path that sprayed and looked like a million glistening diamonds in the sun. The sunlight danced, and sparkled as far as the eye could reach, every object caught its light and threw it back again upon the naked awning tops, plate glass, stays and funnels, and even down the ship's quarter, where brass letters spelled out the ominous title under which she ran, "LUSITANIA."

May 2nd, 1919.

MURRAY SEMPLE, '25



THE LOYOLA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The year of 1918-1919, was a very successful one for the Loyola Literary Society. Owing to the influenza epidemic the regular meetings of the Society were not begun until the latter part of the first term. Despite this delay, the Society met with signal success, and at each meeting the members took a hearty interest in the proceedings. Reverend J. A. Keating, S.J., acted as Moderator.

An election of officers was held and the following members were elected to the executive:

President	Mr. R. Anglin.
Vice-President	. Mr. J. Senecal.
Secretary	.Mr. J. McGarry
Councillors	.Mr. H. Smeaton
	Mr. D Wielshom

The subjects chosen for debates were varied, ranging from the resolution to abolish capital punishment, to the merits and demerits of the theatre, and bachelor taxes. In each debate the speakers showed that they had carefully prepared their speeches and had acquired an intelligent understanding of the subjects under discussion.

After Christmas the Society was strongly augmented by the advent of four old members who had just returned from doing their bit. Their speaking at subsequent meetings helped to make the events more interesting and amusing.

Following a precedent, the members of Philosophy entertained the rest of the Society on Tuesday, April 8th. The entertainment took the form of a radical

Bolsheviki meeting. These philosophical Bolshevik appeared before us heavily bearded, with slouch hats and glistening knives, and one enthusiast carried an ancient gun that had evidently seen service in days gone by. Their speeches were as wild as their looks; they decried the use of soap, they extolled the beverage known as vodka, and they proposed immediate execution of all who dared to take a bath. Without detracting at all from the interest that accompanied each debate, it broke the monotony of continuous discussion besides throwing some authentic instructive side lights on Bolsheviki policy.

detracting at all from the interest that accompanied each debate, it broke the monotony of continuous discussion besides throwing some authentic instructive side-lights on Bolsheviki policy.

The annual banquet was, as usual, a pronounced success. The food was excellent, as were also the spirits, that is, the spirits of the banqueters. The after-dinner speeches abounded in light humour and heavy eloquence. Last year's president, Mr. G. Delisle, and two other ex-members, Mr. J. Ryan and Mr. "Ted" Walsh, were present and added to the general entertainment of the evening. The toasts proposed were as follows:

	Proposer	Responder
The King		
Canada	.Mr. Senecal	Mr. Malone
The College	.Mr. Noonan	. Mr. Wickham
The Society	.Mr. Tabb	. Mr. Chabot
The Old Boys	.Mr. Smeaton	Mr. T. Delisle
The Moderator .	. Mr. Phelan	Mr. Keating, S.J.
The Graduating (Class Mr. Wals	hMr. Wolfe
The Ladies	Mr. Doyle	eMr. Baker
	JAS	. McGARRY, '20.



JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

C. McCullough

L. Kelly

W. Scott

T. Walsh

J. Quinlan

HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Society for 1918-19 was held for the election of officers, on Oct. 7th, 1918. The retiring president, W. Corbett, occupied the chair and the new Moderator, Rev. T. J. Lally, S.J. presided. The officers chosen were:

President	Thos. Walsh
Vice-President	.Thos. Day
Secretary	.G. Altimas
Treasurer	.W. P. Brennan
Sergeant-at-Arms	G. Anglin

In spite of the interruption caused by the "flu", some interesting and very instructive subjects were treated; some from sacred and profane history, others from politics or from questions arising from the Great War. Biography was also debated as when Mary and Elizabeth, Caesar and Napoleon, Hannibal and Alexander were compared.

On Monday, Feb. 3rd, 1919, the following officers were elected for the second term.

President	L. E. Kelly
Vice-President	
Secretary	
Treasurer	
Sergeant-at-Arms	
per Peggire ar railing	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·

Many mooted questions were debated, such as the condemnation of Galileo, the Spanish Inquisition, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. On February 17th, a motion of deepest regret for the death of Sir Wilfrid Laurier was unanimously passed. As a society whose object is to teach the art of public speaking, the Debating Society payed its tribute to Canada's greatest orator.

On May 6th, the Third Annual Public Debate was held before a packed hall. The question read as follows: "Resolved that the League of Nations will ensure a lasting Era of Peace." The Affirmative was upheld by T. Walsh and J. Quinlan, while the negative side was defended by L. Kelly and C. McCullough, with W. Scott as chairman. Rev. G. Coffin, C.SS.R.' Rev. Brother Boyce of the Presentation Brothers, and Mr. Thomas Cuddihy, Provincial Inspector of Schools, kindly consented to act as judges. Father Coffin, in announcing the decision in favour of the Negative side, warmly congratulated all the debaters on the fine delivery, splendid composition and stirring eloquence, which were so noteworthy in all the speakers as to make it hard to arrive at a decision at all. Reverend Father Rector, who presided, also congratulated the speakers on the fine showing they had made, and added that the parents of the debaters might well be proud of sons who had acquired such mastery of the spoken word. Additional pleasure was afforded by vocal solos rentered by Mr. L. I. McMahon, Mr. E. Hanrahan, Mr. L. Hogan, with Professor P. J. Shea, as accompanist.

W. SCOTT, '24.

HAROLD DOYLE

WILFRID NOONAN



CHARLES PHELAN



JOHN WOLFE

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1919.

HAROLD DOYLE

Our long acquaintance with Harold has given us ample opportunity to realize his many sterling qualities. Starting in September, 1908, in First Preparatory, he would have finished in 1917 had it not been for two interruptions in his studies, for in 1913-14 he left us for a year at St. Francois Xavier's College, and again in 1917-18 he was absent from our midst.

Always a steady, though never excessive worker, he has always made a creditable showing in class and on several occasions distinguished himself with first

There is scarcely an Executive in the College that cannot boast of having his name on its roll-call. He was Councillor in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in 1915, and was on the Executive of the L.C.A.A.A. for four consecutive years, filling in turn the various offices of Director, Treasurer and Secretary. His interest in athletics was not only executive, for he played football with the Intermediate for two years, and the Class teams in baseball, basket-ball and hockey always found a reliable man in Harold.

WILFRID NOONAN

Although we met Wilfrid ten years ago, it has not taken us all of that time to learn to like him. Coming to the College in 1909, he entered the class of Latin Rudiments and, with Harold Doyle, would have finished two years ago had not an unfortunate absence of two years retarded him in his studies. Last spring Wilfrid enlisted in the R.A.F., and, after eight months training, had practically won his commission when the armistice enabled him to return and complete his course at Loyola.

Ever since he first arrived at the College he distinguished himself in class both by his industrious work and the fine results that have been the consequence of these efforts. The Review owes much to him and will sorely miss its advertising manager when he leaves, for during the last three years Wilfrid's efforts in that direction have been ceaseless, and the financial side of the Review owes the greater part of its success to his labours.

Big Wilf. also held office as prefect of the Sodality and Director of the

L.C.A.A.A., and, though never a very active participant in athletics, he was always an ardent supporter.

CHARLES PHELAN

Graduation day takes from us one of our best friends in the person of Charlie helan. It would need a more able pen than mine to do justice to C. C. P. Energy in III Grammar in 1912, Charlie has steadily made his way to the graduating class with no apparent effort, yet with noteworthy success. He, like the rest of the Philosophers of 1917-18, was rudely interrupted in the midst of his intellectual pursuits by the country's appeal for volunteers, and, after several months in camp, missed his chance of getting overseas by an unfortunate accident to his log. accident to his leg.

His success has not been confined to the classroom. In the Debating Society

His success has not been confined to the classroom. In the Debating Society he has filled the office of Secretary, besides being one of its most eloquent speakers. In the Sodality he was a councillor, while in the L.C.A.A.A. he filled the position of Director for two years before he became treasurer.

On the campus, too, he achieved success, the beginning of which was his winning the Tennis Championship in 1915, when he played as partner with Raymond Kramer in the Doubles. The same year he played Intermediate football and the next year he made the senior team. In baseball, too, he was always one of the stars on his class team.

The Review also suffers a great loss at his departure both as an expeditor and

The Review also suffers a great loss at his departure both as an ex-editor and a contributor, for his humorous articles and poems have always been a source of delight to its readers.

JOHN WOLFE

Notwithstanding the fact that we have known John but a relatively short while, he is none the less dear to us, for it does not take five years to become acquainted with a boy such as he is. At his departure Loyola will lose an excellent student, a dear friend and a fine athlete.

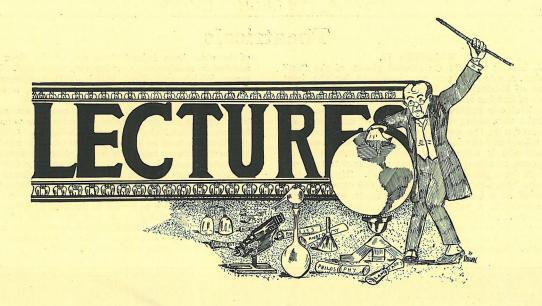
John joined his class in First Grammar in 1914, and since then has led it steadily. A clever student and a steady worker, he found no difficulty in sur-

steadily. A clever student and a steady worket, in child to anicular in surpassing the rest of his class-mates. His cheerful and friendly disposition forced itself on everybody. He was your friend before you realized it. You learned to love him unconsciously. Rather talkative and fond of discussions, in both Debating Society and recreation hall, he could always hold his own, even when Harold opposed him. Along with the rest of his class, he enlisted in 1918 and reached England before the dove of Peace beckoned him home.

Harold opposed him. Along with the rest of his class, he enlisted in 1918 and reached England before the dove of Peace beckoned him home. In almost all of the College Societies John was one of the guiding spirits. He was a Director of the L.C.A.A.A. for three consecutive years, a councillor in the Debating Society last year, while he had the inestimable honor of being the President of the Smoking Club during the year 1917-1918, and this year he is the responsible editor of the Review.

In sports John always played an energetic part. In football he played Intermediate in 1916 and Senior in 1917, while in hockey his defensive tactics were the joy of the spectators.

ARTHUR CHAEOT, '20.



PROFESSOR DE BRAY, Doctor in Political and Diplomatic Sciences, Professor in International Law.

A man, well-versed in the actions and occupations of the German armies since their abrupt arrival into Belgium and, by his sympathy and affection for them, deeply concerned in the trials and sufferings of his compatriots, Professor de Bray, in a brief lecture, explained the Belgium situation in the early days of the war. By coincidence he chanced to be about to give a lecture in another hall a few days later, and was able to utilize some rare and curious trophies of the war, which were grouped about the room and lent reality to his depictions, as well as a number of illuminating photographs which he had prepared so that we might travel to the very scenes he was describing. His lecture was concise and to the point. Besides demonstrating the features of the German advance, their vast preparations and their methodical care of detail, the professor showed on a large map where the wholesale massacres of the Belgians had occurred and revealed some of the ruses employed by the Belgians to impede the Hun advance. Professor de Bray, though he spoke in French, proved an extremely enlightening lecturer.

MR. ROBSON BLACK, Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association.

Mr. Robson Black, secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association pleasantly whiled away some of the tedious hours one night in Lent in showing the value of the lumbering industry in Canada, as well as in other places. France, he said, contributed no small aid to the Allies by her enormous forest supplies which she had discreetly conserved, while Canada, which should be the world's mainstay in wood, unless she did something to convalesce her crippled forests, would soon have to rely on other sources. The uses to which the forests are turned, he strowed, were simply enormous: fuel, paper, furniture tools and countless other things. Indeed he gave his audience to understand that the forest was by are their richest inheritence, because of its varied army of uses, and consequently its unanimous demand and its intense value. Mr. Black flung on the screen some pictures depicting the dangers of the camp fires and cigarettes of the average picnickers which necessitate these warnings, sometimes assuming the shape of lectures and pictures, sometimes of written articles and always of signs and

placards posted in the most popular and conspicuous parts of the country. It could easily be seen that both the methods of defeating forest fires and the weapons used by the rangers have marvelously improved since the early days when the settler had to rely on his own activity if he did not want to have a pest of smoking ruins on his hands. In fact, Mr. Black gave almost a complete course in forestry and afterwards showed the gradual development of the magazine from the pulp log.

MR. SHANE LESLIE

When it was known that Mr Shane Leslie, who has written so many clever reviews and brilliant article, was to deliver a lecture something quite different was expected than was actually heard. For it was a têtea-tête rather than a lecture, a chat rather than a discourse, and his chummy manner soon had all hearts with him whether he was recalling a college memory or relating some experience of his later life. His talk was mostly occupied by anecdotes, but he did not fail to leave in most excellent keeping, excellent advice coined from the consideration of those fellow-students who had wrung from life something more than a hollow sound. Not only the medallists, he said, but especially those who find a hobby in college congenial to their talents and inclinations, stamp their names on the memory of posterity.

MR. MACDONALD

Mr. Macdonald who, we understand, is the director of some of Canada's most promising industries, paid a visit to the College and spoke a few words to the boys. He laid great emphasis on the advantages of an education, be it however small, and declared that only those men who have risen in the world without it really see its tremendous advantages. Mr. Macdonald left some strong incentives to greater study in the shape of prizes. He is himself a man of versatile and adaptable talents, of intense and consistent energy. Mr. Macdonald contends that most achievements are attainable by everyone with the assistance of a little activity, patience and perseverance. Mr. Macdonald's capabilities extend even as far as sleight-of-hand tricks with which he delighted the astonished crowd for a while.

GERALD BRAY, '22.

Theatricals

RAMESES II.

A beacon to cleft the dismal gloom of the "flu" period, a one-act farce was produced by the joint class of Rhetoric and Humanities on the night of the 25th of October which elicited unanimous approval and unmistakable applause. The play selected was only a light skit, owing to the difficulty of arranging costumes during the week of contagion, but, despite this handicap and the fact that little time was allowed for rehearsals, it assuredly accomplished more than its purpose, to afford a little amusement and to turn our minds from the danger of the "flu". The play had for its heroes two Loyola students, one of whom finds himself at a loss for something to do and borrows Rameses II, a valuable mummy, from the college museum. Another student carried away by a flood of humorous emotion, destroys the mummy and, when the others find out they prepare themselves for dismissal. The mummy turns out to be a worthless fac-

of the older boys helped them out at the close and assisted in making the evening very successful. Desmond Walsh and Noel Walsh, with prepossessing strangeness, acted the mysterious mystery, a weird impersonation of a strange personage.

Frank Smith had his audience nearly melted to

Frank Smith had his audience nearly melted to tears by the pathos breaking his masculine voice, as he sang, "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight". O'Reilly and Conway told us the exact method with which to proceed during an interview with a railway magnate or anybody equally important. Unfortunately O'Reilly mislaid his watch, which was absolutely necessary to a proper acting of this stirring scene and matters were slightly impeded for a while. A strong man from one of the suburbs paid us a visit in the flesh of Abon, who did astonishing things with just two arms and two hands. Mr. C. V. McCullough helped things along by an amusing monologue. There was some more singing and the affair broke up.



THE PINAFORE

simile of the original, and the depredators escape with a fine of fifteen dollars. The play is a pot-pourri of jokes and ridiculous circumstances, tempered by really excellent singing. Great enthusiasm was aroused when Rameses, who was timed to explode with a tremendous roar, blew up with only a faint pop, but this incident—the only one that might have marred the play—was received in good part. F. J. Terroux and Antoine Wendling gave an excellent impersonation of the two students. E. Delisle made a distinct hit as the other student, whose faculty of finding fun led him into serious difficulties. Gerald Lonergan and William McVey, as the Irish washwoman and her son, and James Hearn and Paul Wickham, as the proctor and doctor, respectively, were a huge success.

The juniors of preparatory, the following night on the 26th of October gave a concert with the talent they found in those two classes, a concert comprised of amusing dialogues, songs and recitations. A few THE SEVENTEETH OF MARCH

The 17th of March was recognized at Loyola by a concert, lasting seventeen numbers, many of which were greeted with a round of applause and appreciated by insatiable demands for encores. Relations of the boys and friends of the College welcomed the opportunity to show their hearty sympathy with Loyola. The College orchestra, trained and rehearsed under the baton of Father Prefect, ushered the audience into a dreamland of Irish melodies. Some of the sweetest voices of St. Patrick's Choir followed and kept the audience charmed from the first to the last harmony, when they were thanked by a thunder of clapping. The mandolin class of the College, under the direction of Professor Peate, was fully appreciated and afterwards Professor Peate himself rendered the "Rosary," with touching sympathy, on the Hawaiian guitar. The mastery of Mr. Peate over his instrument was a marvel to the crowd and fully explains the wide reputation he enjoys. Three singers from the College, Messrs.

Hogan, Kelly, and McCullough contributed solos which were welcomed by calls for more. Horatio Phelan offered an Irish recitation which was eagerly enjoyed. Mr. Killoran's comic imitations broke the seriousness of the other numbers and put humour in everybody's heart. Then came the fighting ballads of Mr. Mullin, sung in a fine fighting fashion that left little to be desired on an Irish night. Some of the chancel choir at St. Patrick's charmed the audience by dances which were at once quaint and pretty.

At intervals the college choir sang songs which were prepared for the visitors. Before leaving, the College orchestra allowed us the pleasure of hearing them once more. Professor Shea devoted a great deal of his time to make the concert a welcome one and cannot be sufficiently thanked, as well as the artists who so

generously lent us their talent.

IRISH NIGHT

March 14, 1919

PROGRAMME

- 1. MEDLEY "Melodies of Ireland" Loyola Mandolin Club
- SOLO . Selected Mr. Hugh Brady
- INSTRUMENTAL SOLO Selected
- ENTAL SOLU .
 Prof. Geo. A. Peate
 "Come Back to Erin" SOLO & CHORUS
- Mr. C. McCullough and Glee Club
 ration . "Top o' the Morning" RECITATION.
- SONG -Mr. Chas. Killoran
- LYRIC MALE QUARTETTE. "Kerry Dance" "Killarney"

Messrs. W. Murphy, E. Ryan,
J. J. Walsh, M. Mullarky
ADDRESS . . . "The Irisl "The Irish People"

- Mr. J. P. Wolfe ORCHESTRAL SELECTION "Strains from Killarney"
- Loyola College Orchestra SONG . Mother Machree'
- Mr. T. L. Hogan DANCES
- St. Patrick's Chancel Boys SONG . Serio Comic
- Mr. Jas. McMullan
 SOPRANO SOLO "When Far from the Land" Master F. Sullivan
- DANCES
- Mr. George O'Kane

 SOLO & CHORUS "The Dear Little Shamrock"

 Mr. L. Kelly and Glee Club

 "O CANADA"—"GOD SAVE IRELAND"

Glee Club GOD SAVE THE KING.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE."

The special efforts made this year to raise the standard of music at the College to as high a plane as that attained in other branches of college activity, such as athletics, debating societies, etc., were crowned with

signal success.

When it is possible to choose a cast of fifty actors and singers from 125 boys altogether unfamiliar with this sort of work, and, with such raw material, to present "creditably" (the word is of our severest critic) Gilbert and Sullivan's immortal "H.M.S. Pinafore," we must conceive the highest hopes for the future of music and of dramatic productions at Loyola College after these have become traditional.

All the principals gave an excellent account of themselves. Mr. Hogan as Ralph Rackstraw, and Gerald O'Cain as Little Buttercup, vieing with each other for the honours of the evening. The "Gazette" said: "Mr. Hogan carried off the honours of the evening as Ralph Rackstraw. He has a really fine tenor robusto, though he uses it somewhat stiffly."

On the other hand the "Star" critic writes: "The

greatest success of the evening was undoubtedly that of Gerald O'Cain who played Little Buttercup in a way all his own, singing the music in a fresh, young voice and acting well."

Indeed we may now well say: "De gustibus non est

disputandum."

In criticism of the other principals, the "Star" justly remarks that Chas. McCullough caused many laughs as the Captain and had enough voice for the apostrophe to the moon, while John Wolfe was adequate

as Sir Joseph."

Of the heroine's part and of Cousin Hebe's it was written that O'Reilly Hewitt's make-up for Josephine was fetching and that "she" acted "her" rather dollish part very dollishly, while Clarence Davis as Hebe showed himself possessed of a good contralto. Paul Wickham played the villain Deadeye most villainously

with his deep bass voice, his limp and the terrible gleam of his protruding left eye-ball.

The entire chorus showed the effects of long and careful training. They excelled in the bright and joyous "Let's give three cheers for the sailor's bride" and were admirable for tempo and harmony in the intricacies and grandeur of the finale of the first act. The second act, almost exclusively carried on by the principals, saw the chorus repeat lustily Little Buttercup's simple but effective song and draw a thunder of applause with the satirically solemn, yet withal imposing, "For he is an Englishman."

The following took part in the play:
The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. John Wolf

(First Lord of the Admiralty) Capt. Corcoran . Chas. McCullough

Little Buttercup (A Portsmouth bumboat woman) Gera

Gerald O'Cain

Sailors:—W. Corbett, H. Doyle, A. Tobin, R. Beaudoin, G. Bray, M. Pye, A. Wendling, R. Anglin, J. Hearn, G. Lonergan, A. Camacho, A. Fregeau, W. Terry.

Marines:-W. Noonan, F. Terroux, C. Dalton, E. Delisle.

What was really meant to be an experiment, when the College introduced a moving-picture machine into the routine of the "flu" period, became afterwards a popular and indispensable institution. Approximately every fortnight, thanks to the energy of Mr. Bryan, S.J., who generally procured enjoyable films, the boarders are treated to picture shows. Mr. Bryan, S.J. and his assistants are by this time experts in the arts of turning handles, adjusting the screen, and generally obtaining good results. Many good pictures, too numerous to describe were given and suffice it to say that pleasure was instilled into many a dull evening solely through the medium of the moving-pictures.

The orchestra was a distinct success this year. There are few undertakings that express so inadequately the amount of labour and pains expended to make them anything like a success. Results are so smooth that the work seems effortless. The orchestra was not only an entertainment in itself but proved a valuable asset in tiding over undertakings that repetition would have made monotonous. Their showing on St. Patrick's night was splendid, but most of the success must be attributed to the patience and tireless energy of Mr. Bartlett, S.J.

The Loyola School of Sociology

In the educational world this year, an event of exceptional interest and far-reaching importance was the opening of the Loyola School of Sociology and Social Service, the first one to be established in Montreal, in October, 1918.

The plan was announced at the annual meeting of the Catholic Social Service Guild, held in May last year, with the approval of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, and a promise of substantial encouragement from Very Rev. Canon McCrory.

By the happiest coincidence, on the same day, the first Moderator of the Guild, Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., who is also the first Dean of the new school, arrived home from overseas after serving with the Canadian Forces as chaplain for two years. Before he had time to doff his uniform, Father Hingston took the first steps towards giving practical shape to the dream of the Guild members.

The cordial co-operation of Laval University, Loyola College, and Notre Dame Ladies' College made it possible to remove mountains of difficulty and to lay the foundations of an institution that already promised valuable results. Beginning without funds, equipment, or experience to break ground for a purpose understood by very few, a small group of enthusiasts, in the short space of the summer holidays, succeeded in producing a calendar which surpassed even their own expectations. Every educationist knows that a calendar is one thing and a school another, but the first year's work of this School is sufficient proof that the organizers built even better than they knew. The list of professors represents an array of talent and ability, as well as experience and influence such as had not previously been gathered together for a like purpose in Montreal, and of which any School of Sociology might be proud. The students were not slow in finding this out. They have not ceased to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in having such rare opportunities for Social training placed within their reach. The city, of course, offers unique advantages also to the social workers, with its variety of problems, race classes, and creeds and its wealth of venerable institutions.

The generous service and assistance of lecturers and councillors, including some of the busiest pastors, professors and professional men in the city, also the Sisters of Notre Dame Ladies' College, the Sulpician Fathers, the Jesuit Fathers, and members of the Catholic Social Service Guild, reduced the cost of organization and inauguration to an incredible minimum. The sympathy and support of the English-speaking Catholic section was demonstrated by an attendance of over three hundred persons in the beautiful hall of the Sulpician Library, on the opening night. Mgr. Bruchési manifested his approval by acting as chairman. The guest of honour was the Prime Minister of the Province, Sir Lomer Gouin, whose message to the students revealed a profound sense of the importance of Social Science and the value of the courses outlined in the Calendar.

A notable address was delivered by the Dean, Rev. W. H. Hingston, S.J., whose exposition of the aims of the School had its immediate effect in the registration of a number of students and an offer of two scholarships by a member of the Guild, Mr. Leo Ryan. Brief speeches were also made by Mr. J. T. H. Falk, Rev. J. C. Brophy, and Mr. Henri Ponsot, Consul General of France, who spoke from the standpoint of practical social workers.

The summing up of the interesting proceedings and final inspiring words of Mgr. Bruchési completed an unforgettable ceremony and occasion. The following day, however, by the order of the Board of Health, all schools were declared closed on account of the outbreak of Spanish influenza, and public assemblies were prohibited. Thus the usual order of things was reversed, and a long holiday preceded the real opening of the School, which was deferred till November.

An unexpected difficulty presented itself when it was found that the lectures could not be held in the Sulpician Library as originally announced. What appeared to be a serious problem was delightfully solved by a generous offer from Miss Malone and the ladies of St. Anthony's Villa, of the use of their spacious and comfortable lecture rooms. This was

thankfully accepted and greatly appreciated both by the professors and students. Five lectures were given weekly throughout the season, two on Monday, and two on Thursday evenings, besides some special lectures. Lectures on field work on Friday evenings were held at the Guild headquarters for greater convenience in consulting the fyles and the Library. Besides regular courses of lectures were also given at the Notre Dame Ladies' College. The students also visited charitable institutions in a class on Saturday afternoons, under the direction of the Field Supervisor, a feature of the work they found enjoyable as well as instructive.

The number of registered students was sixty. The average attendance was above thirty, due not to lack of interest, which was well sustained, but to severe weather conditions, indispositions, or fatigue, many of those enrolled being engaged in office work during the day and, at times, unequal to the extra effort of evening lectures. The professors expressed great satisfaction with the type of students the school had attracted and with the serious attention paid by them to the subjects taken up. The total number of lectures given was eighty-three. The list of lecturers is as follows: Rev.W. H. Hingston. S.J.; Social Economics; Rev. J. C. Brophy, D.D. and Rev. T. F. Heffernan, Apologetics; Prof. A. J. de Bray, Statistics; M. A. Phelan, K.C., Social Law; Dr. E. J. Mullally and Dr. Palardy, Hygiene; W. H. Atherton, LL.D., Ph.D., Social and Economic History; Rev. M. P. Reid, English Literature; Miss L. E. F. Barry, Field Work; Mr. T. J. Cuddihy,

Public speaking; Mr. H. Somerville (special), Sociology; Dr. F. E. Devlin, Public Health.

The closing exercises were held in connection with the annual meeting of the Catholic Social Service Guild, in the Ladies' Ordinary, Windsor Hotel, on May 19th, 1919, in presence of a large assembly of prominent clergymen, citizens and members of the Guild. Certificates for the First Year Course were awarded to the following students: Miss L. E. F. Barry, Miss Katherine Greany, Miss Stella Gertrude Semple, Miss Ethel McLean, Miss Ida Galarneau, Miss Mary A. Manion, Mr. Herbert E. Potter.

An informal re-union of the professors and students was held at the Guild headquarters, on June 5th, when plans for the second season were discussed and a social hour was agreeably spent revealing an esprit de corps and camaraderie that augurs well for the good growth of the work and the boundless possibilities enclosed in the idea of trained social service reposing on sound principles and noble traditions.

It is hoped that college and convent graduates of 1919 will be well represented in the second year's enrolment. This is indubitably the ideal "follow-up" work for students of more than average ability, looking towards a career of usefulness less onerous than the older professions and offering a great variety of experience with pleasant associations and prospects of good renumeration. The office of the Registrar is at, 316 Lagauchetiere Street, W. Inquiries may also be addressed to the Loyola College.

Acting Registrar.

SCHOLARLY MAXIMS

- An examination is a place where some souls suffer for a time before going to penance-hall.
- 2. An intelligent boy is that which has length and breadth, but no thickness.
- 3. A class room is a plane (plain) figure bound by three sides; the opposite side is then called the base.
- 4. A strap is the figure bound by the diameter of a circle and the part of the circumference cut off by the perimeter.
- 5. Two straight liars can't enclose a space; so all right angles are equal.
- 6. When in difficulty change all the signs on the lower line, then skedaddle.
- 7. Eloquence is that which when ignited, makes a great noise, but does no material damage.
- 8. A mathematical lecture is the voice of one crying in the wilderness.
- 9. Misbehaviour is good Geometry provided you know where to draw the line.
- 10. Bad language is a particular enunciation which repeats in special terms the statement already made, and refers it to a diagram.

- 11. The smoker is a very plain figure bounded by four sides and is such that all within it are equal.
- Or—A place where some souls gather periodically in anticipation of the future life.
- 12. The infirmary: the last place on earth to go for a rest.
- 13. Boys who are complementary or supplementary to the same friend and are not equal to one another.
- 14. If one side of a pie be greater than another, then the boy opposite to the greater side shall be greater than the boy opposite to the less.
- 15. Any two sides of a fight are together greater than the other side.
- 16. If one hand of an individual is equal to the sum of the other two, then the individual is right-handed.17. Punishment is that department of labour where
- 17. Punishment is that department of labour where you turn them upside down and multiply.

 18. Platitudes which can be made to coincide with
- 18. Platitudes which can be made to coincide with one another are equally flat. (This process of putting one on the other is called superstition.)

CADMUS AND THE DRAGON

A Free Translation from Ovid.

Near a grove remote, enticing,
In the pleasant summer sunshine
Which through leaves and branches filtered,
With its beams the shadows piercing,
Cadmus sat alone, and waited,
Ready with a foe to battle,
Ready armed with spear and javelin.
Sat and waited for companions,
For the friends who were not coming,
For the friends now dead or dying,
Till at last, the sun declining
And the evening creeping onwards,
Creeping ever nearer, nearer,
He arose and went a-seeking
Comrades in their death-throes lying
In the grove of sacred oak-trees.

Half the grove he crossed in searching, Half the woods with fruitless effort, Ere he came all unsuspecting
To a scene so grim, revolting
That, at first, his strength forsook him, And, with shaking limbs, he trembled, Trembled like a child affrighted.
He beheld in ghastly twilight, Half-obscured in deepening shadows, In the shifting shadows, hissing, Bloody-mouthed, dark-skinned and scaly, Reared to half its length, a serpent.

Suddenly, with strength compelling, Fiercest anger seized his senses. In his hand he grasped a boulder, Grasped a rock so large and rugged That no man but he could lift it, And with all his might he threw it, Straight and strong and true he threw it At the serpent unsuspecting. But the reptile, whole, unwounded, Rises up in mighty passion, Strikes with poisoned jaws at Cadmus,

Strikes, his battle lust awakened. While, amid the sacred oak trees Swayed the strife of man and serpent, O'er the hills the sun was sinking, Shadows o'er the land were creeping.

In the rush of frenzied combat, Cadmus back and back it forces. Still he holds his spear-point forward, Warding off the serpent's onslaught. In the reptile's spine his javelin Rankling, wounds and goads to fury. And so frightful is his torment That he leaves himself unguarded; Then as swift as summer lightning, Through his throat with force ascending, Through his body to an oak-tree, Cadmus drives his mighty lance head. While the serpent in his fury Lashes with his length the forest, Sways and bends the mighty oak-tree, Till its branches groan, complaining, While its roots take hold securer And beside it standing, Cadmus, All amazement, sees the struggles Weaker grow and ever weaker, Till it sinks exhausted, lifeless,

'Mid the trees are ghostly murmurs, Whispers 'mid the rustling branches, Spirits of the night approaching; Still the victor stands and wonders At the prowess of the vanquished, At the size and at the fury Of the dragon, limp and lifeless, Till he hears, and hearing, trembles Hears a voice from out the darkness: "Cadmus, cease this dreamy watching, Gaze not on the vanquished serpent, For, behold, the hour approacheth, Thou shalt wear a serpent body."

WILFRED SCOTT, '24.

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY AND READING ROOM

That the Library is an integral part of the College and enjoys a well-deserved popularity is proven by the fact that the Librarians, Wilfrid Scott and John Quinlan, have been kept busy on Wednesday and Saturday of each week changing books for eager readers. This does not mean that studies are neglected meanwhile; by no means. There is a time for everything, and even the most devoted student of Latin and Greek can and ought to find time to acquire a taste for the English authors. Courses in reading, prescribed by the professors, have been followed with great profit in Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Cooper and more contemporary authors such as Benson, Sheehan, etc.

The Reading Room has been a great success judging by the way in which it has been patronized. On many a rainy, stormy or bitterly cold day, it has been a haven, and many a weary hour has been whiled away agreeably yet usefully in the perusal of the periodicals. Our magazines are suited to all ages and tastes. The younger generation are entertained by the "Boys' Own Paper", "Captain," "Rod and Gun," and "American Boy." Those more advanced in age prefer "America," "MacLeans," "Scientific American" and "Literary Digest," and, when more piously inclined, they have within reach also: "Ave Maria," "Queen's Work," "Field Afar," "The Little Missionary," "Extension," "Catholic Record," "Northwest Review." Safely ensconced in a quiet corner many a youth has spent useful and happy afternoon living a life as depicted between the covers of his favourite magazine.

The College gratefully acknowledges donations of books from the following students: Lewis Stone, C. Domville, J. Collins, J. Bradley, E. Mackay, E. McCaffrey, G. Anglin, T. Day, J. Hanlon, W. Scott, C. Harwood, M. Bartlett. Magazines were kindly donated by E. Coughlin, P. Brennan and R. McMahon.

JOHN QUINLAN, '24

COLLEGE STAFF

TWENTY-THIRD ACADEMICAL YEAR 1918-1919

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Acknowledgments

THE BUILDING FUND CAMPAIGN

HE most interesting event of the year from a practical standpoint was the Building-Fund Campaign. The objective set was Three Hundred Thousand dollars. On May 4th, when the ten days' Campaign closed the announcement could be made that the objective had been exceeded. A full account of this most successful appeal must be left over to next year's Review. Suffice it to say that Loyola had the co-operation first of the Clergy and then of Catholic lay men and and women of all classes of society and the admirable devotedness and untiring work of a large number of volunteers.

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Right. Hon. Lord Shaughnessy K. C. V. O.

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ROME WAS NOT BUILT IN A DAY.

There is scarcely an accomplishment of note that is not the result of gradual and ceaseless endeavour, just as the great oak was once only a sprouting twig and grew by slow degrees to a sturdy and far-spreading tree. There is not an achievement of comparative worth that has not exacted endless and sustained toil. The Pyramids of Egypt, for instance, were many years in the building. For centuries the Orientals struggled with the Wall of China. Saint Peter's

plans out the walls and roof, he must occupy himself with the construction of a suitable foundation. Each part requires time for its accomplishment. Build your house upon a defective and strengthless foundation and it will come tumbling down about your ears, because, as Scripture has it, you have built upon shifting sand. The Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, was many years in the building and still remains in all its strength, the wonder of the Eastern world. But the Woolworth building of New York,



ORCHESTRA

of Rome, still an unfinished work of art, has been under construction for more than 600 years. It seems to be a law of nature that any work exciting the admiration of the universe should bear the marks of broad conception, of pains that are infinite and of an accomplishment that tarries through a succession of years.

There is no great work that does not resolve itself into parts that must follow each other in weary and lengthened succession before the great whole can be said to be accomplished. Before the builder thinks or

was thrown up like a stroke of magic in a night, and to-day it takes an army of men to keep it from crumbling and succumbing to the decaying powers of age.

And, this too, characterizes all intellectual effort, only in a greater degree, hence the proverb: "Word by word great books are made." Thus Gray devoted seven years to compose his Elegy. Thomas Moore, while writing "Lalla Rookh," spent so many months in reading up Greek and Persian works that he became an accomplished Oriental scholar, and people find it difficult to believe that the

scenes were not penned on the spot instead of in a secluded dwelling in Derbyshire.

Dante was 45 years old when he commenced his "Comedia," the last line of which was written on his fiftieth birthday. Thus, "Line upon Line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, great books are written." "What we acquire with the most difficulty, we retain the longest," says Colton.

This is a fundamental truth. I believe the more time is devoted to the acquirement of certain knowledge, the more will be known about it and the longer it is likely to abide.

Tradition tells us that Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher and mathematician, who lived about two centuries before Euclid, spent years working out the theorem now known as the 47th proposition of Euclid. And fable has it that Euripides, the Greek tragedian, pondered long and deeply over the composition of his dramas. One day a poet, whose merit was such that we have yet to discover his name, taunted him with his sloth, boasting that he himself had written one hundred verses in three days, while Euripides had written only three; "Yes," said Euripides, "but there is a difference between us;

Your three hundred verses will perish in three days; my three will survive three hundred years." Time has proven the truth of the statement and time it is that tests the value of every thought. Thoughts quickly gathered up have all the semblance of rumours that strut their hour upon the stage and are heard of no more. They were the work of an hour, and they live but for a day. Thoughts that are born of the heart's blood are long in the forming and live the days of sages and prophets, and possess the endurance of generations.

The world has not yet given up building Romes, and the first Rome was not, after all, perhaps, the most difficult of its undertakings. "Every dog has his day" and "Every warrior has his Waterloo to contest," and "Every ambitious soul has its Rome to build". They cannot all be Imperial Romes nor can they all be such as to draw severely on the strength of nations nor win the admiration of posterity; they are proportioned to our capacities or even tax the measure of our strength, but then we have the solace of this reminder "That they are not to be built in a day."

THOMAS WALSH, '23.

HOROLOGIUM ROMANUM

Hic-Haec-Hoc.
Oh hear the Latin clock.
Hunc-Hanc-Hoc.
Tic-Tic-Toc.



Hujus-Hujus-Hujus.
'Twas this that often threw us.
Huic-Huic-Huic.
Toc-Toc-Tic.

Hoc-Hac-Hoc. Still keeps on the clock. Hi-Hae-Haec. Oft anon a break.

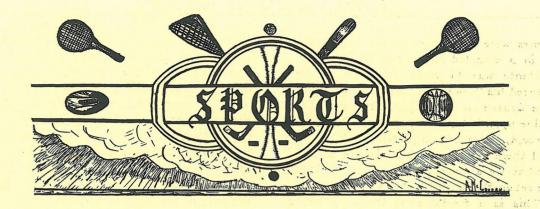
Hos-Has-Haec.
Got it?-no-Heck
Horum-Harum-Horum.
The language of the Forum.

His-His-His.
A stumbling scholar's bliss,
Again it starts to tick.
Hoc-Haec-Hic.

Though many years abhinc The clock's still on the blink. Though many miles from hic I still abuse that tick.

Should ever I come huc, I'd like to see that book. And send it to illic. O Hoc-Haec-Hic.

MURRAY SEMPLE. '24.



College Athletics

L. C. A. A. Executive Committee 1918-1919

Moderator, Mr. J. S. Holland, S.J.; President, G. Lonergan; Vice-President, Errol Coughlin;
Secretary, Martin Pye; Treasurer, Charles Phelan.
Committee;—John Wolfe, Arthur Chabot, Leo Beaudin, T. Walsh, Gordon Carroll, Stafford Hartney.

FIELD-DAY

Under ideal weather conditions the Twelfth Annual Field-Day on the College Campus drew a large attendance keenly interested in the track and field events, which were run off without a hitch. The competition for the school championship resulted in a tie between A. Wendling and G. Villada. Wendling came first in all four events in which he entered.

The most exciting race of the day was the mile open, which looked like a runaway for E. Gourre. Getting off to a good start, he was 150 yards in the van on the last lap of a four lap track when R. Belisle shook himself from the rearguard and forged ahead. Fifty yards from the tape Gourre let out his last reserve with Belisle at his elbow. Belisle's long stride counted, and with a forward heave he crossed the line inches to the good, winning in the last foot of the race. Time, 5.20.

The record for the One Mile Relay was broken by First Grammar team, the time being 4 min. 5 sec. A. Wendling established record for running the bases, making the circuit in 15 sec.

na di broda

The committee wish to thank the following contributors to L.C.A.A.A.:—

Rev. Father Rector, Mr. L. Bradley, Mr. F. R. Burke, Fr. W. S. Gaynor, Mr. W. P. McVey, Mr. H. J. Trihey, Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mr. W. L. Scott, Mr. P. Wickham, Mr. R, Hammond, Ald. T. O'Connell, M. Jr. R. Keenan, Mr. R. J. L. Cuddihy, Mr. Wm. Scully, Mr. J. Galipeau, Mr. J. Hackett, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Coughlin. Mr. T. Duckett, The Ladies of the Altar Society, Mr. J. M. Lapointe, Rev. Father Brophy, Rev. Father J. Flood, E. W. Tobin, Esq., M.P., Mrs. J. H. Walsh, Mr. E. R. Decary, Mr. and Mrs. Menard, Mr. W. E. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Carlin, Mrs. J. A. Corcoran, Mrs. D. L. Chabot, Mrs. G. Boyer, Mr. A. L. Smith, Dr. J. E. Lesage, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Davis.



FOOTBALL

The "flu" epidemic put a damper on football at Loyola as elsewhere. Preliminary training had been gone through with and for games when it was decided that all outside games



would have to be postponed on account of the "flu". However, the real football enthusiasts of the college were not to be kept out of the game by the "flu". A

series of matches was scheduled to be played between the "Brian Boru" squad, who were at that time occupying the philosopher's flat in the Refectory Building, and a team from the Junior Building. Three games were played and let it

games were played and let it be said that never in the history of the college have any three games aroused such interest and enthusiasm as existed among both players and spectators during this series.

Although all three games were won by the "Brian Boru" squad the Juniors deserve great credit for the gallant manner in which they opposed the swooping rushes of their heavier opponents.

Judging from the brand of football that was played this year, a first-class team may be predicted for next fall.

The line-ups were as follows: Brian Boru—McGee, Terroux, Wickham, Beaudin, Bray, Dalton, Delisle, Hearn, Lonre gan, McVey, Pye, Wendling, Deslauriers, Kelly, Walsh.

Junior: Decary, Hanlon, Bartlett, Brennan, Domville, Hammond, McCullough, Plunkett, Scott, W. Semple, Tobin, Scott, C. Terry, Walsh, Lane, Davis.

HOCKEY

The season 1918-1919 again found Loyola making a creditable showing in the ranks of the Senior Hockey League of the city. We were confronted in the beginning of the season with a problem which was by no means easy to deal with. Of last year's team there were only Hough, Lonergan, Clement, Trihey, McDonald and Decary. McGee, Slater and Mowat, the three star players of the Vic's team, to whom we are greatly indebted for the services they rendered us while playing under Loyola colors, left us to return to the Vics. Owing to the untiring efforts of G. Delisle, a former president of the L.C.A.A.A., and Errol Coughlin, manager of the team we succeeded in getting together a team second to none in the league.

The Lamarre brothers, although only younsgters and never before in senior company, played like veterans. They lack weight, but they make up for it by speed, endurance and a knack of following the puck right into the nets. Jim McGarry broke into

senior ranks this year and showed by wonderful stick-handling that he is equal to the best of them. The Timmins brothers were back with us, Leo at his old position in the nets saved his team mates at many a critical moment. The presence of Noah greatly strengthened the team. His experience was needed with so many new players, and Clement did not feel at ease without him. Harrison and Holland did good work on the defence and besides both succeeded in scoring from time to time.

At the end of the season Loyola was tied with Vics for second place. Owing to the expulsion of the Vicker's team from the league it became evident that the championship would have to be decided by a play-off between Loyola and Vics. However, the League officials took action and declared that there would be no play-off to determine the champion and that these two teams would be tied for first place.

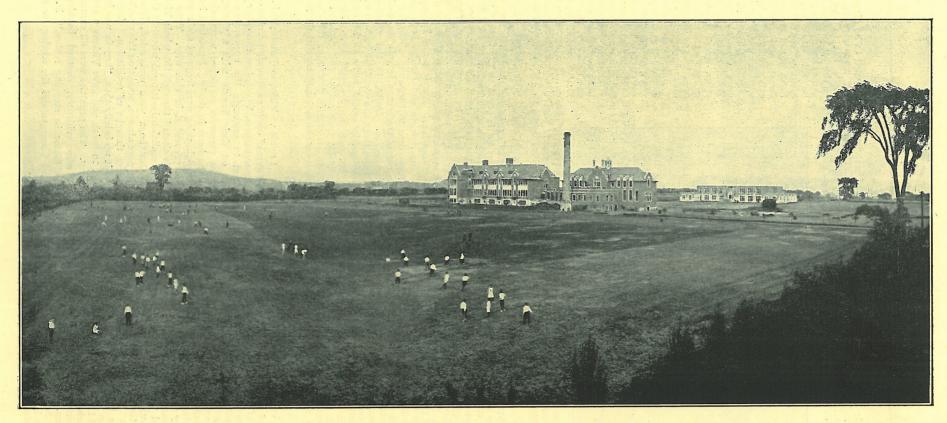
LEAGUE GAMES

Loyola vs McGill, Jan. 6th

The season opened in a blaze of glory, our boys taking the measure of the strong university team by the score of 4-3. Loyola played with the same determination which marked their success of previous years. For the league it was a noteworthy event; for it was hardly expected that these youngsters would make such a brilliant start. Compared with their opponents Loyola players were mere boys, but the remarkable pace they set was worthy of an older and more experienced team. The game started with a rush. McGill scored twice, and things looked dark for Loyola. On changing over for the second period our boys snatched the offensive from the Red and White team which they maintained throughout. Noah Timmins gave us our first tally on a wicked shot. This was soon repeated by Clement. In the third and final period Loyola played McGill to a standstill. The wings worked in brilliant fashion. Lonergan at his old position at centre gave a clever exhibition of back-checking. The scoring honors fell to Clem. Trihey. For McGill, Heney and Cully were easily the best, while Leo Timmins in goals, Lonergan and Trihey contributed to our victory.

Loyola vs Vickers-January 9th.

In this game Loyola gave every promise of repeating their former success, Vickers on the other hand were determined to celebrate the appearance of several new men on their line-up with a victory. Consequently the measures employed were calculated not to leave the issue in doubt. Persistent hooking and severe body-checking were frequent and many a Loyola score was prevented in this way. Time and again the forwards skated through the whole Vicker's team only to be maliciously tripped when on the point of scoring. Our boys were undaunted, however, and forced the pace always, accepting this rough reatment The Montreal without any thought of retaliation. The Montreal Star sums it up briefly thus, "Loyola was in the game from start to finish and gave Vickers a great run for their money. The penalties were all captured by the winners, who evidently, deemed hooking a very important factor in stopping rushes." P. Lamarre, Trihey and Lonergan did the scoring for us, netting two each.



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In the distance (about one mile to the East) is seen the Montreal Mountain, and to the right the College Buildings

HOCKEY—Continued

Loyola vs, Shamrocks—January 16th.
This contest came to us by the score of 12 to 1.
The game was rather one-sided, our boys completely outplaying their opponents. The Shamrocks put strong fight, but the advantage of six goals held by us was too much for them and they became demoralized after the first period. Their only tally came in the second period, while we added three more to our total. In the final period we increased our total to twelve. "Irish" was the leading net finder, having four to his credit; the Lamarre brothers, Clement and Trihey accounted for two apiece.

Loyola vs M.A.A.A.—January 20th.

This was our second win within four days. The boys played well together and scored almost at will. The game was free from objectionable rough play, although hotly contested. P. Lamarre was the first to find the nets. After thirteen minutes of play Harrison beat Blumenthal with a fine shot thus breaking into the scoring column. He repeated this feat after four minutes more of play. In the second period Lonergan and McGarry accounted for one apiece. In scoring his, "Jim" who had had some hard luck around the nets realized his great desire. Final score Loyola 5-M.A.A.A. 2.

Loyola vs Victorias-January 23rd.

We received our second defeat of the season at the hands of the Vics. The sticky condition of the ice made brilliant play impossible. However, at no stage of the game was the play ragged. The heavy ice told greatly against our boys, the Vics on the other hand seemed quite at home and used their weight to advantage.

The Vics skated out with their strongest team, even the veteran Hughes being in uniform. It was evident that they were taking our sextette seriously. From the face off our opponents made use of their weight. In the second period Trihey was so roughly treated that he was forced to retire from the game. Our boys tried hard, but the adverse conditions and the rough handling were too much for them. They played desperately during the third period but all to no avail.

Loyola vs McGill-January 30th.

Unfortunately we were not destined to repeat our former victory over McGill. In the initial period we had most of the play and rained shot after shot on Dooner. "Pa", however, was equal to the occasion and made some brilliant stops. From the start Loyola carried the play to McGill territory and after three minutes of play Lonergan scored from far out. A few minutes later Dawes evened up for the University boys. After repeated efforts "Irish" again put his team in the lead and a few minutes before the period ended Behan got another past Hough, making the count two all.

The second period opened with Loyola making a great effort to regain the lead. The forwards tried



hard to score but luck was not on their side. Heney going down alone scored on a pretty side shot, thus giving the lead to McGill again.

In the third period our boys strived nobly to even up the score but from then on McGill played a three man defence and our efforts were unsuccessful. Three minutes before the gong sounded Behan got another making the final score 4 to 2.

Loyola vs Victorias-February 2nd

We are greatly indebted to the Montreal "Gazette" for the write up of this game. "Furnishing the surprise of the amateur hockey season," they say, "Loyola College defeated Victorias 6 to 3, in the feature game of the double header at the Victoria rink last night, in the City League. Vics scored the first goal and Clement tied it up for Loyola seven minutes later, after which the college boys had the edge on their opponents. Loyola led at the end of the first period by 2 to 1, and at the end of the session by 5 to 2.

The students forced the pace at all stages and never let up. They showed better shooting ability than their more experienced opponents and checked in a

more consistent manner.

The game was a smart exhibition and was witnessed by a large crowd.

JUNIOR AMATEUR HOCKEY ASSOCIATION. Owing to the fact that many of last season's Juniors were called upon to play Senior Hockey, this year the Loyola Junior Hockey Team was considerably weaker than last year. In weight too the team was handicapped by the loss of such men as McGarry and O'Halloran. Many new men were called upon to fill the vacancies; in fact it was practically a new team. The line-up was as follows: Goal, H. Decary; Defence, P. Wickham, L. Hogan; Centre, D. Leamy; Right Wing, L. Kelly; Left Wing, C. McCullough; Substitutes, E. Coughlin, G. Decarie, W. Scott, E. Gourre, A. DesLauriers.

LEAGUE GAMES.

Loyola 1—Melville 2—January 14th. The first game was against Melville. The ice was very heavy and consequently the Loyola boys were at a great disadvantage. However, they played a hard game and when the final gong rang the score stood 1 to 1. In the over time play, Melville had the good luck to score on a long high shot from centre ice, which no one saw till the puck was safely lodged in the nets. This ended the game as far as Loyo'a was concerned, for in the remaining few minutes of play they were unable to score.

Loyola 5—McGill 1—January 22nd. We played the game on the McGill open air rink. The heavier McGill team took the lead in the first period, and our boys, try as they might, were unable to score. However, on changing over for the second period they changed their tactics and ran in five goals in quick time, McGill tried hard to score, but Decary turned aside shot after shot thus making victory certain for us.

Loyola 0-M.A A.A. 3-February 1st.

Again the college players were at a disadvantage in The game was fast and fairly clean. Kelly worked hard for Loyola. He skated all around the M.A.A.A. players but he seemed unable to find the nets. The score might have been much greater only for the superior work of Wickham and Hogan on the defence. They worked well together in this game and saved their team from a disastrous defeat.

Loyola 3-Victorias 2.

This was the only game played on the college open air rink. It looked for a while in the beginning of the game as if we were going to be defeated on our own ice. Fortunately, however, our boys settled down and showed that they were not to be defeated on their own ice.

BASEBALL

Baseball is becoming more popular year by year at Loyola, due no doubt, to the great opportunities offered by the spacious campus for the game. A visitor to the campus on a Wednesday, Saturday or even Sunday afternoon is more than surprised at the keen interest

taken in the game and at the brand of baseball our boys are able to provide.

This year in order to give more players an opportunity to get into the game, and also to give the Preparatory boys a better chance we dropped "Prep." from last year's Junior League and formed a new Junior League which is comprised of three teams; Third Grammar (Juniors) Rudiments (Juniors), and

Preparatory.

At present there are three interclass leagues operating, viz.: the Senior League, comprising Philosophy, Sophomore, First Grammar and Second Grammar (Seniors); the Intermediate League, comprising Second Grammar (Intermediates), Third Grammar (Intermediates) and Rudiments (Intermediates); the Junior

League, comprising Third Grammar (Junior), Rudiments (Junior) and Preparatory.

The College Senior team is prevented from making a name for itself only by the fact, that the interclass league games take practically all the half-holidays and allow little or no time for games with outside teams.

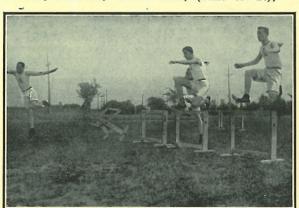
A series of games has been arranged with the Old Boys to be played Sunday afternoons. Already two games have been played, the present generation capturing the first game by the score of 14-5, while the Old Boys managed to get away with a victory in the second game by the score cf 6-5.

It is a great pleasure for us to see the old faces around again and we hope that what they have begun with regard to baseball will be continued when the football and hockey seasons come around.



LOYOLA SNOW-SHOE CLUB, SEASON 1919

At the third annual meeting of the Loyola Snow-Shoe Club, the following officers were elected for the season: Captain, Thomas Walsh, (Class of '23); Secretary-Treasurer, Wilfrid Scott, (Class of '24);



Committee—Antoine Wendling (Class of '22); Thomas Day, (Class of '23); Gerald Altimas, (Class of '24).

Owing to the poor snow-shoeing weather the activities of the Club were somewhat curtailed this year; nevertheless, one moonlight and two afternoon tramps were held under its auspices. The usual Sunday afternoon races were not a success, so it was decided by the executive to hold a grand Winter Field-day to replace them. Sunday, March 2nd was the date set for the field day, and all the snow-shoe enthusiasts

looked forward to it eagerly. Owing to the melting snow, the going was very slow and the attendance poor; however, there was no lack of excitement in the contest for the beautiful Timmins Shield, which was only won by the slender margin of seven points. Sophomores won the Shield with III Grammar, a close second. The Senior Championship was won by Paul Wickham, of Sophomores and the Junior Championship by Gerald O'Cain, of III Grammar.

The programme of events was as follows:

- 1. 100 yards, 12 and under, 1st, Lew Stone, 2nd, Carlos Verrea.
- 2. 100 yards, 14 and under,1st, G. O'Cain; 2nd, L. Stone.
- 3. 100 yards, 16 and under, 1st, C. Scott; 2nd, G. O'Cain.
- 4. 100 yards, open, 1st, A. Wendling; 2nd, P. Wickham.
- 5. 220 yards, 16 and under, 1st, C. Scott; 2nd, G. O'Cain.
- 6. 220 yards, open, 1st, A. Wendling; 2nd, P. Wickham.
- 7. Obstacle Race, open, 1st, D. Walsh; 2nd, P. Wickham.
 - 8. Marathon, open, 1st, W. Scott; 2nd, P. Wickham. 9. Junior Relay Race, won by III Grammar.

 - 10. Senior Relay Race, won by Sophomore.

Despite the unfavourableness of the season for snow-shoeing, any success it had was due to the efforts of President Thomas Walsh and W. Scott and Tom Day, who were tireless in their endeavours to make the field-day a success.



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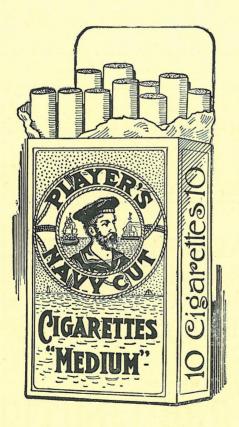
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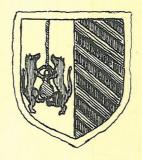


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Event	First	Second	Third	Time, Height,	Record
		OPE	N TO COLLEGI	<u> </u>	3
100 yds. dash.	A. Wendling	G. Villada	E. McGarr	11 sec	10 1-5 P. Murphy, 1912 J. Gallery, 1915
220 yds. dash. 120 yards hurdles					23''J. Gallery, 1915 16 2-5A. E. Ray, 1898
Run'ng. Bases. One mile	R. Belisle	E. Gourre	W. Scott	5 min. 30 sec.	15"A. Wendling, 1918 5 min. 5 sec. F. Shallow, 1909
Sack Race High Jump	M. Villada G. Lavimodiere	G. Gleeson G. Villada	G. Villada A. Vanier	13 sec 5 ft. 1 in	13 sec M. Villada, 1917 5 ft. 6 R. Kennedy, 1917
Putting Shot.	E. Delisle	P. Wickham	R. Nunez	29 ft. 3 in	20 ft. 11 in . J. Gallery, 1915 34 ft. 9 in . N. Timmins, 1917 314 ft. 10 in .M. Enright, 1917
UNDER 16 YEARS					
220 yds. dash. 880 yds. dash. Runn'g bases.	J. Quinlan G. Altimas	G. Altimas J. Quinlan J. Galvin	G. Gallegos T. Laverty P. Masse	28 sec	11 sec A. Wendling, 191, 26sec A. Wendling, 191, 2 min. 36sec G. Noonan, 1914
UNDER 14 YEARS					
100 yds. three legged	V. Belair	F. Smith	A. Nightingale R. Gloutney		12 sec G. Altimas 2 min. 35 sec G. Altimas
UNDER 12 YEARS					
	F. Manley P. Shea			13sec	13secT. MacDonald
ONE MILE RELAY					
High School Course	4th Year	2nd Year	3rd Year	4 min. 5 sec.	4 min. 5 sec. 4th Year
OLD BOYS' RACE					
150 yds. dash	F. Bussiere	Dr. Atherton	L. Clement		





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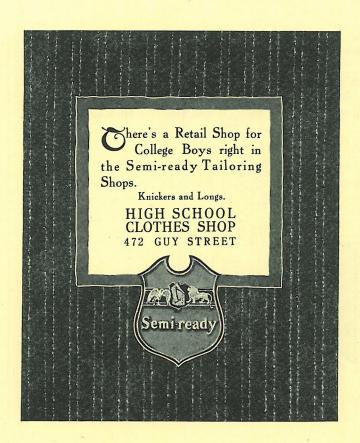
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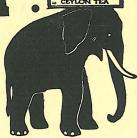
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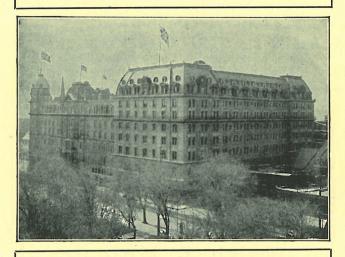
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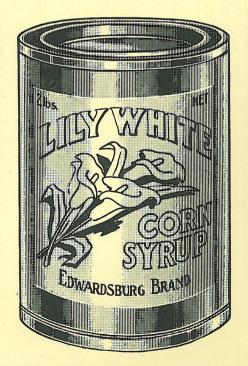
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